December 7. 1904.

# The BYSTANDER

6d. CHRISTMAS and Anniversary NUMBER. 6d.

AFTER THE THEATRE

Supper at the Savoy

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# The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 53.—Vol. IV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper] Wednesday, December 7, 1904 [With Supplements, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

WISHING YOU THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

No. 53.—Vol. IV.

# CONTENTS

Wednesday, December 7, 1904


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Frontispiece ... ... ... ... | 611 |
| The World's Pageant ... ... ... | 613 |
| "At the Sign of the Times" ... ... | 621 |
| At a Christmas Party: The First Departure of the Evening... ... | 625 |
| Concerning Father Christmas (No. 53 of the Series) ... ... ... | 626 |
| "The Taming of the Shrew," at the Adelphi Theatre ... ... ... | 328 |
| Gossip About Books ... ... ... | 630 |
| The Hit of the Season ... ... | 632 |
| "The Affair in Pont Street." By William Le Queux... ... ... | 635 |
| A Dress Rehearsal of the Pantomime | 641 |
| "The Age of Innocence." A Comedietta. By Frederick Fenn ... | 642 |
| A Lay of the Prodigal: "Voorlopers" | 644 |
| A Year of Golf ... ... ... | 648 |
| "The Daintry's Dinner." By Edith St. L. Wilson ... ... ... | 649 |
| "The Amazons." By Inglis Allen ... | 652 |
| A Chance Not to be Missed... ... | 657 |
| Parisiana: At the Fête of the Lion of Belfort ... ... ... ... | 658 |
| "The Bystander" Weather Forecast... | 660 |
| Hunting in the Holidays ... ... | 661 |
| Automobile Topics ... ... ... | 665 |
| Fashionable Facts and Fancies ... | 674 |


The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

## *BOOKS RECEIVED*

### NOVELS

"As Down of Thistle." By Arthur Wenlock. (Alston Rivers: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"By What Authority." By Robert Hugh Benson. (Isbister: 6*s.*)

"The Prisoner of Mademoiselle." By Charles G. D. Roberts. (Constable: 6*s.*)

### MISCELLANEOUS

Shakespeare's Timon of Athens,
Richard II.,
Merry Wives of Windsor,
Winter's Tale. Each bound separately in cloth, with notes and engraving. (Heinemann's Favourite Classics: 6*d.* each.)

"With Pen and Camera." Interviews with Celebrities. By W. B. Northrop. (Everett: 10*s.* 6*d.*)

"Famous Fighters of the Fleet." By Edward Fraser. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"Colonial Memories." By Lady Broome. (Smith, Elder: 6*s.* net.)

"The Spoiled Priest," and other Stories. By the author of "My New Curate." (Fisher Unwin: 5*s.*)

"With the Simple Hearted." Little Homilies to Women in Country Places. By Elizabeth Waterhouse. (Methuen: 2*s.*)

"How to make a Garden." By W. E. Blair. (The Cable Printing Company, Hatton House, Great Queen Street: 1*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Amateur Gardener's Diary and Dictionary." (Office of *Garden Life*: 1*s.*)

The Novels of Alexandre Dumas:
"Robin Hood,"
"The Wolf Leader,"
"Amaury." Bound in Cloth; Illustrations in Colour: 2*s.* each.
Also "The Fencing Master." Paper. (Methuen: 6*d.*)


# IMPORTANT NOTICE

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

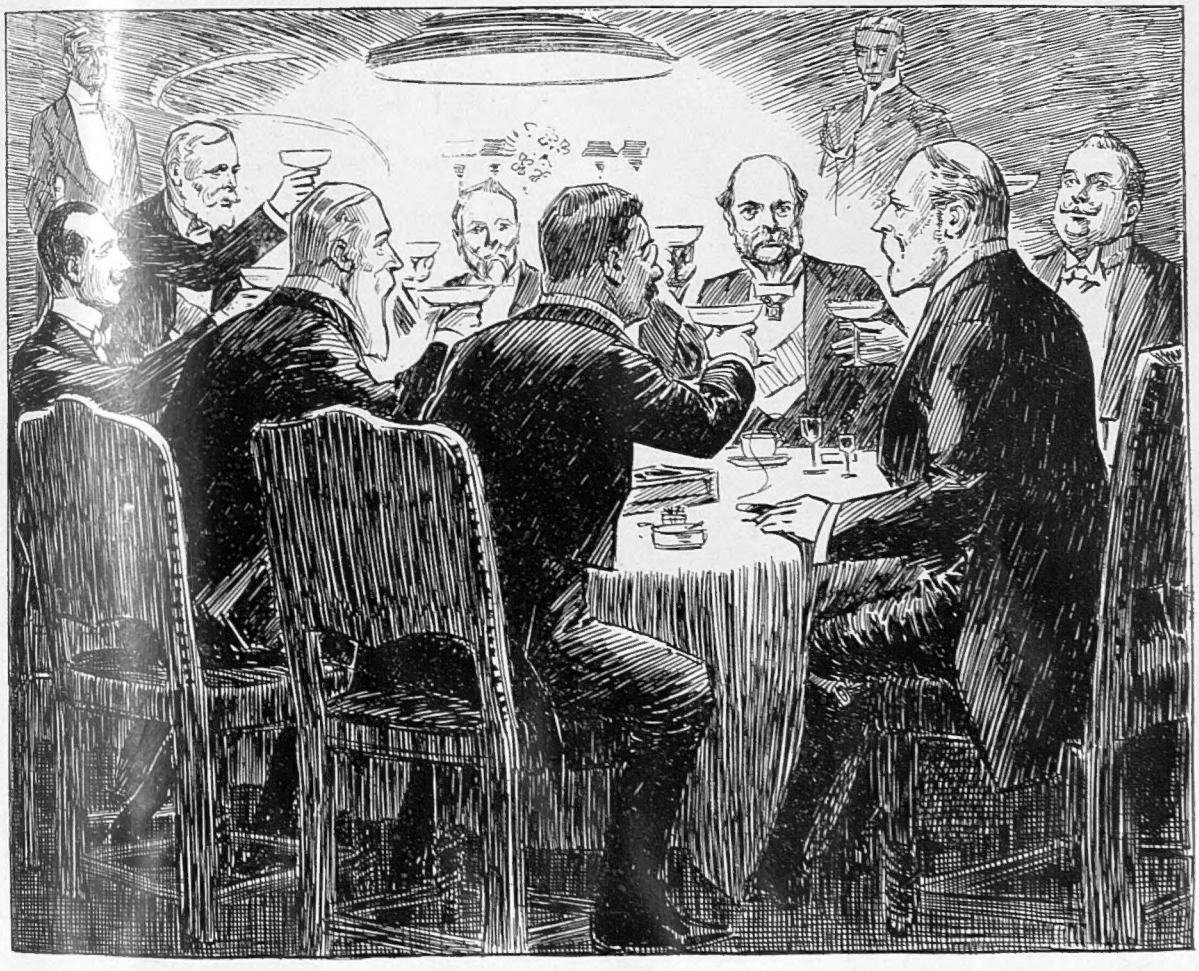
# THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.

**London: Wednesday, December 7, 1904**

With the publication of this number of THE BYSTANDER we commemorate our first birthday. The matter has been referred to elsewhere in this issue, notably by "J. A. H.," whose "Gossip About Books and Their Makers" has been a notable feature of this journal since the commencement, and will, I trust, long continue so to be. But little as we feel disposed as a rule to trouble our readers with facts concerning our domestic policy, this is an occasion when a portion of the veil may, with wisdom, be pulled aside to afford those who have supported us, since we made our unpretentious journalistic venture into the world a twelvemonth back, some insight into our year's career.

* * *

I used the word "unpretentious" just now, and, as I venture to think, with justification. When the first number of THE BYSTANDER appeared on December 9th, 1903, there was no great blare of trumpets. We did not announce for some weeks previously that we were going to stagger the world with a wonderful production such as the world had never yet seen. We were not fortunate enough to secure the assistance of a great daily to exploit our intentions in



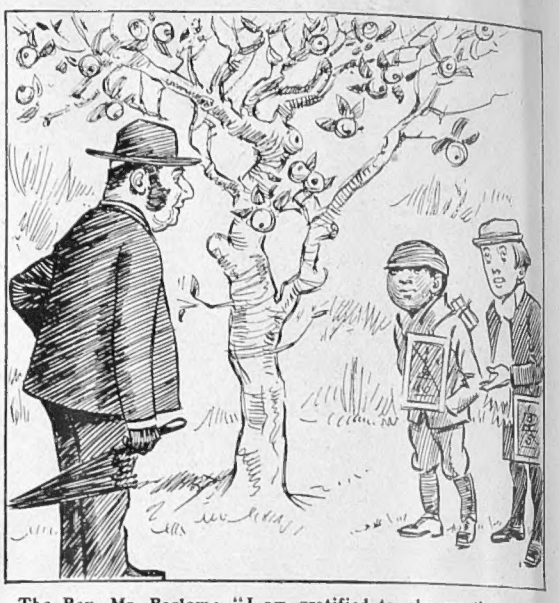
Italy France Belgium Switzerland America Denmark England Portugal

"GENTLEMEN, A TOAST. 'ARBITRATION AND PEACE'"

**"I say, you've cut my face to pieces"**

**"Yessir. Worst o' these cheap razors, sir. Now I have an article here," etc.**

The Haird essers' Guild strongly recommends all regular customers to supply their own razors



**The Rev. Mr. Barlow: "I am gratified to observe that none of these trees have been despoiled of their fruit"**

**Henry Sandford: "Oh, no, sir, it would be stealing"**

**Tommy Merton: "'Sides, they aint fit to eat—they're cider apples"**

The Board of Agriculture is adopting the Continental practice of planting apple trees by the roadside

the columns usually devoted to important foreign intelligence. Statesmen did not send us their blessing. The paper's name did not glare at us from hoardings all over the country. And we made no promises nor held out hopes that we have not kept.

* * *

The idea of the originators was that there was need of a weekly topical paper of convenient shape, with an outlook on the events of each week not confined to any one special groove. Our *métier* has been essentially to interest and amuse the well-informed man and woman. Devoting to our task many more pages each week than do our contemporaries, and each page containing very little less matter than those of larger-sized papers, we have attempted to cover the ground very thoroughly. Our regular features are now so well known, that to recapitulate them would be an idle task, but I may state simply that our special aim has been always to preserve a high-minded and refined standard in our remarks or in our drawings, while not shirking from plain speaking when occasion has demanded it.

* * *

The production of THE BYSTANDER has been, it need scarcely be said, no light matter. It marked a distinct advance in journalistic enterprise. We give

**Anglo-American amenities**

Sir Edward Clarke has been scolded like a schoolboy for his recent speech at the Thanksgiving Banquet given by the American Society in London. He intimated that the United States, judging by the small proportion of the land which they owned on that Continent, had no right to call itself America. He suggested instead—"USONA," "The United States of North America"

**A chance for bores**

There are happy signs (says the *Lady's Pictorial*) that the pretence of boredom with everything is passing away. It is now rather smart to be easily amused. We foresee a great demand for young men who have hitherto been regarded as unmitigated nuisances

in quantity an amount which no other weekly, approaches, even remotely, while in quality we get the best work that thought and money can secure. Within the twelvemonth many famous literary men and women have contributed to our pages, while the leading black-and-white artists have, almost without exception, given our readers the benefit of their work.

* * *

That our efforts have not been wasted is a matter of immense pleasure to those who have worked together to produce the paper. We have all been keen and enthusiastic, an attitude which has helped us enormously to get through the great volume of work necessary to the production of a weekly paper of so many pages as THE BYSTANDER contains. It has been greatly encouraging to us to see that the labour—in many papers, alas, so wasted—has not in this instance been in vain. Slowly, but surely, our circulation has been increasing, and by the best means—our readers have not only stood by us but have recommended THE BYSTANDER to others. Our record stands high now, so high that I can say with truth there is not a mid-weekly paper now published that can boast of a larger following—a distinctly encouraging sign for a journal only a twelvemonth old, which, moreover, had to fight against the strongest competition.

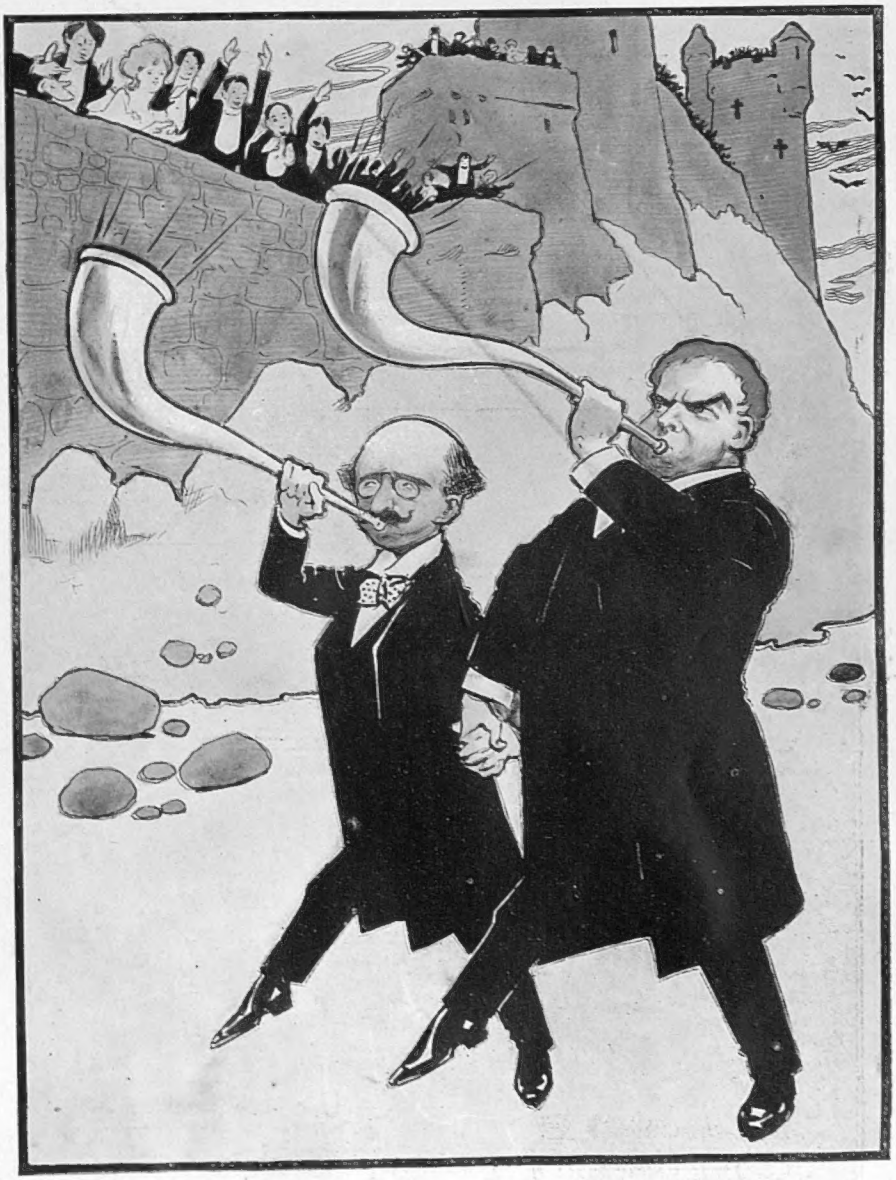
* * *

Nor are our readers confined to the British Isles. There is not a town of any size on the Continent of Europe where the appearance of THE BYSTANDER is not looked forward to each week. Nor, from letters we receive, is there, it would seem, a hidden spot in the world where, by now, our cover has not shown its face. We have received enthusiastic letters from readers in the centre of Africa, the Congo Free State, the West Indies, Japan, South America, Tasmania, to say nothing of the fact that in Australia and North America our issues are purchased by an increasing number of subscribers. In this number we are publishing a photograph an enthusiastic reader sent us from some West African station, hundreds of miles from civilisation, showing this journal, which he is good enough to say "cheers him greatly in his weary pilgrimage."

* * *

But enough of boasting. My desire is only to return cordial thanks to those who have supported THE BYSTANDER in the past, to my colleagues, and to the Press generally, who have, with few exceptions, been pleased to make sympathetic allusion to our endeavours. To these I would say that in the future the policy of the paper will remain as hitherto—critical, but without partisanship; and the leading features will continue as before. Coloured supplements, presented as a rule in our earlier numbers, will again be continued very shortly. Our first year's trial has been a triumph for those who believed that honest, high-class journalism is still appreciated, and it is a triumph for our readers who have enabled us to pursue such a course.

THE EDITOR.



**THE ASSAULT ON THE WALLS OF MODERN JERICHO**

**With apologies to Mr. Alfred Sutro and Mr. Arthur Bourchier**

*DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD*

### An Apology

We take the first opportunity of apologising to the parties concerned for an error which crept into the "People of Interest" pages last week. On the first of these pages (issue November 30) is a portrait of Viscount Newry, eldest son of Lord Kilmorey, who recently attained his majority. In the paragraph concerning Lord Newry it was stated that he was the youngest male member of the peerage who is married, his wife being the Hon. Margaret Bruce, daughter of Baron Aberdare. This, as our readers are, of course, aware, is incorrect. Lord Newry is unmarried. It is Viscount Newport who this year married the Hon. Margaret Bruce.

*Photo by* *Lafayette*

**Lady Northbrook and her son**

### The New Lady Northbrook

The new Lady Northbrook will make a charming addition to the ranks of twentieth century peeresses. Like her husband, she is noticeably tall and handsome, and, it may be added, typically English-looking. Her first husband was Sir Robert Abercromby, and at the time that her marriage to the then Lord Baring took place, she was—as she is now—the mother of four children, two sons and two daughters. Lord and Lady Northbrook have been married five years, and, doubtless, Lady Northbrook will, after her mourning is over, entertain a good deal at the fine house in Portman Square—No. 42—which her late father-in-law bought some years ago, and where the coming out of the elder Miss Abercromby was celebrated by a very smart dance. Lord and Lady Northbrook are both fond of the Riviera, and they have, or had till quite lately, a delightful villa on Cap Martin.

### Lord and Lady Minto

Lord and Lady Minto are among the most popular couples in the

*Photo by* *Topley*

**Lady Minto**

Wife of the retiring Governor-General of Canada, and sister to his successor, Earl Grey

great world, and they are being warmly welcomed back from their long sojourn in Canada. Curiously enough, they spent the early years of their married life in that portion of Greater Britain over which they were afterwards to rule, for at the time Lord Minto was Military Secretary to the Governor-General of Canada. Lady Minto was Miss Mary Grey, one of the daughters of that General Grey who was for so long the devoted friend and servant of Queen Victoria, and she is, of course, a sister of the present Earl Grey. She is enthusiastically fond of outdoor sports, and even before she went out to Canada for the first time was a very fine skater. During the time that Lady Minto was hostess of Rideau Hall she often gave great skating parties both to English and Canadian friends, and all her children skate as well as herself. It will be remembered that she had just had a rather bad skating accident when there broke out the serious fire at Government House, Ottawa, which might so easily have cost Lady Minto her life.

### The late Earl Hardwicke

The sudden death, from syncope, of Lord Hardwicke, who will be mourned by a host of friends, and by a whole country-side in Cambridgeshire, leaves a gap in the Ministry, in which he was Under-Secretary for India. He was unmarried, and the title passes to his uncle, Captain the Hon. J. M. Yorke, R.N. Lord Hardwicke, as he told the House of Lords in 1900, was "left without a shilling" at an early stage of his career, and had to make his own way in the world, with which intention he joined a City firm, and became a member of the Stock Exchange—a position he was pressed to give up on joining the Ministry. But "he could not," he said, "afford to cut his connection with the City for the sake of a few years of office." He was a man of many parts : the principal proprietor of the *Saturday Review*, had been an attaché in the Diplomatic Service, and, in curious

*Photo by* *Topley*

**The Earl of Minto, Governor-General of Canada**

Lord Minto has just reached England, after his successful tenure of office. His successor to the important post of Governor-General of Canada is Earl Grey

contrast, a member of the democratic L.C.C. He was only thirty-seven years of age.

### Mr. Justice Grantham

The judges of the High Court of Justice presumably do not crave after Press notices; which is lucky, or they would be jealous of Sir William Grantham. Sensational cases seem to be always coming his way, and any temporary shortage in this line is easily made up for by passages of arms with district councils, or perchance a violent vindication of a public footpath. It is true that the Judge does not always get his own way, but he is very often quite right, and invariably fights his battles out. He is now in his seventieth year as a man, and in his nineteenth as a judge, and everybody hopes he will continue in both capacities for a long time yet, though with the criminal classes he is not precisely a favourite. Sir William is eminently a man of the world, and he does not disguise the fact; nor is his character as a sportsman concealed. He hunts and he shoots, while he is seen at his best at the annual meeting of the Pegasus Club, judging the Point-to-Point races. As squire of Barcombe he possesses flocks and herds; his pigs are alleged to be his especial hobby.

*Photo by* *Ellis and Walery*

**The late Earl Hardwicke**

Who was a well-known member of the Stock Exchange before he joined the Ministry as Under-Secretary for India

### Miss Florence Harris

Aspirants to stage honours, as they are grandiloquently termed, are of two classes, those who commence at the bottom of the tree and those who commence at the top. The latter class, curiously enough, do not serve as a pretext for the moralist, as the majority of them, having commenced by playing leading *rôles*, often continue to play them throughout their career. Miss Florence Harris, although her portrait as Juliet might seem to belie it, has chosen the more lengthy path to fame. Lately, she has been a member of Mr. Norman V. Norman's Company, in which she has gained invaluable experience in an extensive repertory of old and modern comedy and romantic drama, and scored a success in the Balcony Scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. The interest Miss Harris takes in stage matters is so catholic as to be encyclopædic. She has been a most persistent theatre-goer since very tender years, and among her friends her recollection of the date of production, length of run, cast, and general details concerning the plays which have been produced in London during the last decade has become one of those family jokes which are founded upon fact.

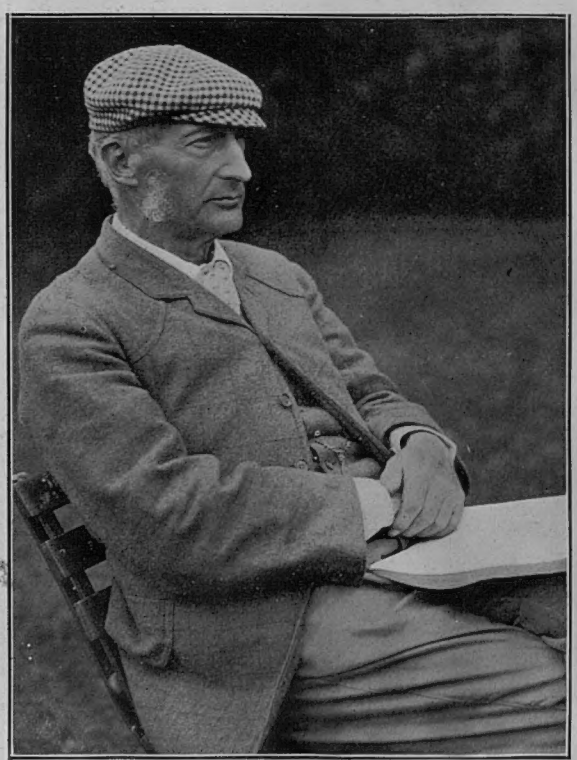


*Photo by* *Reeves*

**Mr. Justice Grantham**

Mr. Justice Grantham, when not engaged in passing judgment on his fellow men, is given to living the life of a country gentleman, and his conflict with the local council of his district has created wide interest

*Photo by* *Swaine*

**Miss Florence Harris in the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet"**

Miss Harris is the only daughter of the late Sir Augustus Harris. Her mother (Lady Harris) recently married Mr. Edward Terry

*THE FIRST PUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH OF*

# The Birthplace of Our Lord as it appears to-day

THE MANGER OF THE INN AT BETHLEHEM

The manger is in a crypt below the Church, in the Convent of the Nativity, a huge stone building resembling a fortress. The lamps seen in the illustration are tended by various Christian sects, Russian Church, Armenian, Copts, etc.

### A Royal Betrothal

Our Royal Family are intensely interested in the betrothal of the Grand Duke of Hesse to Princess Eleonore Solms-Hohensolms-Lich The bridegroom-elect is the favourite nephew of our King, for he is the only surviving son of the late Princess Alice. His amicable divorce from his first cousin, Princess Victoria of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, was naturally a painful episode, the more so that it was followed at a short interval by the death of their only child, a gifted and beautiful little girl, who was the idol of her father's heart. The engagement is quite a romance, for the future Grand Duchess of Hesse was the favourite playmate of her *fiancé's* sisters, an especially warm friendship binding her from childhood upwards with the Empress of Russia. It is said in Darmstadt that Princess Eleonore was always devoted to the Grand Duke, and that for his sake she remained single. She is a little over thirty, and is the second of five sisters.

*Photo by* *Russell*

**The Grand Duke of Hesse**

Whose engagement to Princess Eleonore of Solms-Hohensolms-Lich has just been announced

### The Countess Erdody

The Countess Erdody is one of the most beautiful women in Vienna society, though she really prefers London to the Austrian capital, and spends a great deal of time here, where she has any number of friends. Her husband is one of the largest landowners in Hungary, and has immense estates in the neighbourhood of Buda-Pesth. He is a very keen sportsman, and one of his hobbies is the breeding of English horses and dogs. Both he and the Countess make a point of spending a portion of the hunting season in England, and are generally accompanied by their two little girls, golden-haired mites who rejoice in the typically English names of Jennie and Fanny

*Photo by* *Esmé Collings*

**The Countess Erdody and her children**

# "At the Sign of the Times"

## ON CHRISTMAS CONTROVERSIES—WISHES—DINNERS AND OTHER TRYING AFFAIRS

**Some Provoking Questions**

Christmas is the child's season. This is a fact ignored by all those writers who are agitating their various audiences with melancholy questions as to the fitness of its survival. "Can Christmas any longer be called merry?" they ask. "Are Christmas presents a form of blackmail? Is the turkey a tasteless bird? Does plum-pudding induce appendicitis? Why send Christmas cards?" Why, indeed? It doesn't really matter one way or the other how these questions are answered. It may be—as the *Lady* declares—that the average Englishman is crosser at Christmastide than at any other season; and the average woman may be more provoking. But the average child has a will of its own. And it plumps for Christmas.

*Photo by* *Topical Agency*

**The Joys of Tobogganing: A merry crew**

**About Merry Wishes**

Save for the doubts about "merry" being the proper word, we should at this point be wishing everyone a Merry Christmas. As a matter of fact, "merry" is no longer an all-round suitable epithet. Either it has lost its original meaning, or merriment only belonged generally to a more simple generation. Certainly there are people nowadays to whom one could not wish a Merry Christmas. It would not fit them to be merry. Old gentlemen in the City, with minds distracted by the rise in sugar, for example. Maiden ladies with inclinations towards Passive Resistance and prison fare. Nor could we literally wish a Merry Christmas to the Baltic Fleet. There are too many other ships of all nations in their line of sailing. To these then let us wish a peaceful Christmas—with no torpedoes in the offing.

**For Merry-Makers**

A Christmas dinner is often, we are informed, a trying affair. With a view to making it as successful as possible, our Yuletide Correspondent has compiled the following hints, adapted to the use of the ordinary middle-class householder. They are not original, he says, but seasonable:

1. Christmas comes but once a year. Bear it like a man.
2. The breast of a turkey will feed one rich uncle, three friends, or seven poor relations.
3. Good housekeepers do not stint the chestnut sauce. They stint the chestnuts.
4. Suitable topics for the dinner table are the weather, the sermon, the characters of absent friends.
5. It is not merely unkind to shake a child after its Christmas dinner. It is unwise.

**The Last Straw**

"Anti-Nicotine" writes to us:—"How long is this war in the Far East to continue? It was terrible enough when it was confined to ordinary lethal weapons. Now I observe, from one of Reuter's reports, that Japanese and Russian soldiers on outpost duty are exchanging cigarettes. Surely the civilised Powers ought to interfere?" Surely!

**Sleeping in the Snow**

The Simple Life in the Open—so much advocated at the present day—is not so easy to lead as one thinks. Quite recently, for example, a countryman, who was caught by the police sleeping in the snow, was sentenced to two days' imprisonment. It seems hard, especially when (as a correspondent points out) our Borough Council, after a snow-fall, pays hundreds of men fourpence an hour for doing the very same thing.

**A Small Dialogue**

BETTY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

(SCENE I. *The paternal library. A week before Christmas.*)

BETTY (*aged* 6½): Please, father, could you give me some money, 'cos I want to buy a Chlismis present for you!

FATHER (*handing over half-a-crown*): What's it going to be?

**A Christmas greeting from Southern Nigeria, West Africa**

Our correspondent (the European in the picture), who sends us the above photograph, is a superintendent of telegraphs, who was repairing a cable in the district between the Forcados and Benin Rivers. On the right of the picture is a coloured member of the party, proud in the exhibition of a BYSTANDER, two months' old, which has just reached camp

BETTY (*portentously*): I musn't tell you. It's got to be a great secret till Chlismis Day. . . . But I do hope you'll like it.

(SCENE II. *The breakfast-room. Christmas Day.*)

BETTY (*entering with somewhat anxious expression*): Father, would you like to have your Chlismis present now or later?

FATHER (*assuming an expectant air*): Now, of course. I don't think I could possibly wait.

BETTY (*still anxious*): Please, you must first tell me what's the very nicest present you could possentably want?

FATHER (*hesitating a moment, and then falling into trap*): Well, the very nicest present would be a good little girl, but——

BETTY (*her anxiety gone, rushing to hug him*): Oh, I am so glad you said that. Just for a moment I thought you was going to say a pipe. But I know'd you'd like a good little girl more. So I spent the half-ta-crown on choc'lits and I eated them all in bed this morning. Choc'lits always make me feel gooder'n anything.

**"Worn-out"**

Few people appreciate the strain and stress of Parliamentary life. Mr. Rigg, the youngest Member of Parliament but one, who has recently revised his opinions and resigned his seat, declared, a few days ago, in an interview, that he had nearly worn himself out in the service of the Liberal Party. Yet he is but twenty-eight years old. Lord Turnour, his junior by seven years, is expected to be able to hold on for a few months longer.

**How to Advertise Politics**

If politicians would but adopt business methods, certain events now pending might be hastened. Everyone knows the song of the unemployed which begins "What will become of England," and closes with a contemplation of that time when honest British workingmen have got no work to do. Nothing sets out more completely the views of the Tariff Reform League. Why do not members of that venerable institution dress themselves for the part and sing the song about the streets of England? A few topical gags—and the cause would be helped far more than by a hundred platform orations.

**A Corner in Crackers**

Free-traders, on the other hand, instead of contemplating with disgust the seizure of their Press organs by the young but enterprising Mr. Pearson, might retaliate most effectively by making—say—a corner in Christmas crackers. Only think what might be done with these. Inside the cracker, instead of the usual maudlin verse about Cupid and the mistletoe, there would be placed some stirring motto drawn from the speeches of Mr. Asquith or Mr. Winston Churchill, such as would turn the thoughts of the reader in the right direction. Advertisement? Yes, but can politicians neglect advertisement?

**Afterwards?**

Twenty-five cases of English-made Christmas puddings have been forwarded to the Alake of Abeokuta. It is not expected, however, that there will be any disputes with regard to the succession to his throne.

**The Gift of Tongues**

"In making the tour of the St. Louis Exhibition, President Roosevelt was met in the Japanese Gardens with loud cries of 'Banzai.' He responded by shouting 'Nippon.'" Other details, for the authenticity of which we cannot vouch, are to this effect. In the French section, Mr. Roosevelt was greeted with cries of "Vive M. le President." He replied with an immediate "Commong?" to which he genially added (after a whispered consultation with his secretary), the words "Vive la France." His popularity in the German department was well-attested by cries of "Hoch." The President acknowledged this by giving a sympathetic rendering of "Die Wacht am Rhein." The Hottentots who clustered in front of their huts to shout "N' gumbo N'qu" were much gratified by the President's prompt "T'chelko," the click in which, they pronounced masterly.

**A Correction**

To "COLONIAL."—No London paper, so far as we are aware, publishes a "Half-Seas Over Edition." Can you be thinking of the "Overseas Edition" of the *Daily Mail*?

**A Christmas Fable**

A Railway Director fell asleep one night and dreamed a horrid dream. He was in a third-class compartment on his own railway, and it was cold and crowded. He felt his nose going blue, and asked sternly, "Why is this carriage not heated?" His

shivering fellow-passengers only stared, for they thought him mad. "At least," he continued, "there must be foot-warmers somewhere?" At that they laughed bitterly and stamped their feet.

**The Moral**

The Railway Director grew desperate. "I shall freeze," he said to himself, "if this goes on much longer." And again he put the question to the others, "How soon shall we reach town?" "In an hour," said a working-man. "In an hour? Does it take an hour to do nine miles?" asked the Railway Director, and, unable to bear the thought, leapt at the bell-pull, saying, "I would rather walk." At this point he awoke, and decided not to eat crab for supper again. It never occurred to him to have the carriages on his railway heated. Moral. Be a Railway Director, if possible. MINIMUS.

## Christmas Chat

(*Answers to Correspondents*)

"DELIA" asks me to tell her of a new indoor game suitable for a Christmas party. She is tired of "Blind Man's Buff," "Hunt the Slipper," *et hoc genus omne*, and wants something fresh. Here is a delightfully simple game, which I saw played the other night with great success. Select one of your most dignified guests, and, just as he is about to seat himself at your hospitable board, quietly and unostentatiously remove his chair. His ludicrous expression as he comes in violent contact with the floor will provoke roars of laughter, in which the victim, if he has any sense of humour, will join heartily. Should, however, his spine be injured—this sometimes happens—you will be able to give your guests a valuable lesson in "First Aid." In any case, the ice will be broken, and the success of your little party will be assured.

"ECONOMY" writes, "I have often heard it said that the best way to ensure the prompt delivery of a letter is to post it without a stamp, as the Post Office is particularly careful to collect the *2d.* at the other end. Would I be justified in adopting this plan with my Xmas Cards, as last year many of my cards did not reach their destinations?" No, "Economy," I don't think you would. These little things have a way of leaking out, and your friends might prefer that your greetings did *not* "reach their destinations." Look up the cards you received last year, select those without dates or names on the back (if in pencil rub out the latter), and send them

**A case of disrespect to the Volunteers**

"Do you like comic papers, Sergeant Smith?"

"Yes."

"Then come up here and I'll give you a Punch!"

in open envelopes with halfpenny stamps.

"WOULD-BE DONOR" asks, "Where can I buy presents that look like 2*s.* 6*d.*, but only cost a quarter of that sum?" For cheap presents you cannot do better than go to one of those shops which advertise "Any Article 6½*d.*" They have in stock enamelled soap-dishes, blacking brushes, salt-boxes, india-rubber door-stops, teacups (with photo of Tower Bridge), and countless other articles suitable for presents. Be careful to remove the price before sending away. Putting 2*s.* in front of the 6½*d.* is, I think, risky. I am delighted (and surprised) to hear that you have so many friends!

"SORROWFUL" (1) in the course of a long letter says: "I am engaged to a very particular young lady, and she has asked me to promise not to kiss my female cousins under the mistletoe—a privilege which I have hitherto scrupulously exacted, and am naturally loath to abandon." Cheer up, "Sorrowful"! never mind the mistletoe. Kiss them somewhere else! (2) You have won your bet with your friend. Christmas Day falls this year on the 25th. This will not occur again for twelve months.

*Photo by* *Arthur Weston*

**A family of noted girl swimmers**

Miss L. M. Smith (on the left of the illustration) is the winner of the London Schools Swimming Association Girls' Amateur Championship. The other two ladies are sisters of Miss Smith, and are both remarkable swimmers

"AUNT AGATHA."—Your idea of giving little gift books instead of money as Christmas boxes is in every way an excellent one, but as you say it is difficult to think of books which would suit the tastes and occupations of the several recipients. You might, however, give the postman "A Life of Knox" (though he may have this already). For a suitable book for the policeman, I should consult Constable's or Ward, Lock and Co.'s lists. To the flat porter you might give "Emmanuel Burden." The housemaid and the cook would, no doubt, be quite pleased to share "Soldiers Three" between them, while the lift boy ought to be quite satisfied with "Many Cargoes." Let me hear how your plan works.

*Photo by* *Topical Agency*

**The Ten-year-old Billiard Champion of the World**

Master Johnny Newman is, by all accounts, a perfect prodigy at billiards. A break of fifty is an ordinary performance, while his play in the negotiation of "nursery cannons" brings envy to many an experienced player of three or four times his age. Young Newman is astute enough to own a real manager who arranges his engagements for him, though this gentleman has been unable to ward off the objections raised by the police under the recent Employment of Children Act. On one occasion he was prohibited by a police magistrate from playing a match which would have kept him up to 9.30 p.m.!

**AT A CHRISTMAS PARTY**

The First Departure of the Evening

# CONCERNING FATHER CHRISTMAS

*(NO. 53 OF THE SERIES)*

No doubt it is all for the best. We hope so. Yet there are some of us—sentimentalists that we are—who wish that the march of progress had forgotten to attend to Father Christmas. People have grown reasonable about him, as about all things, nowadays. They treat him like anybody else. The stricter Low Churchmen, and the Dissenting body, who do not approve of his title, insist on referring to him as "the Rev. N. Christmas." (Nicholas, as everybody ought to know, is the Father's first name. The Tsar is called after him.) Conventional people remark that he dresses very oddly. Uncharitable people say that he looks as if he drank. The physical-culture people observe that he is a deplorable example of what reckless feeding will do for a man's figure, and Mr. Eustace Miles has written offering to plan a course of personal and individual treatment for him which will bring down his waist-measurement to something like what it should be in a man of his age.

However these things may be, it is obvious that Father Christmas is really quite elderly, and it is not to be denied that he has worn pretty well, in spite of the self-indulgent habits confessed in his personal appearance, and of the business worries of which we shall presently speak. In a poem known throughout the length and breadth of the United States, and not unheard-of here, the late Dr. Clement C. Moore (who was accorded the rare privilege of a personal interview) has described him thus:

> His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
> His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
> His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
> And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
> He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf. . . .

But this was in his palmiest days. Father Christmas is still decidedly on the stout side. His nose is still red, his beard still white. But he no longer conveys an impression of rude health. He is a trifle careworn and flabby. The anxiety and the strain of modern life have left their mark on him.

We are sorry to be obliged to add that his methods are not all that his well-wishers could desire, nowadays. Which of us can view with approval the steps taken by him of late years with the object of keeping himself before the public? Few men are so copiously and systematically puffed as Father Christmas, even in this age of advertisement. Pears, Colman, and Hall Caine are not in it with him. At the moment of writing, his yearly campaign in the Press is well under way. His portrait is everywhere to be seen, and small images of him appear in thousands of shop-windows. By a dexterous combination of all the arts of the skilled advertiser, the special public to which he appeals has already been worked up into a frenzy of anticipation. Hints are being forwarded to him (through parents, the recognised channels of communication) [illegible] what would be considered acceptable at [illegible] Plans are being matured for the way[illegible] surprisin[illegible] of him at his business, wh[illegible]ndu[illegible] an a[illegible]ctation of secrecy. That is no more, we fear, than a crowning device in his scheme of puffery.

The only excuse for the painfully undignified course of action to which we have referred is the insecurity of Father Christmas's footing in the modern world. In fifty per cent. of our nurseries, perhaps, the spirit of the sceptic rears its unlovely head, and some superior infant assures the smaller children, for whom the world still glows with the radiant hues of faith, that there isn't any such person as Father Christmas, really; that it is another and a nearer father who, stealing in on velvet foot, distends the stockings of the sleepers at an hour when only grown-ups can remain awake.

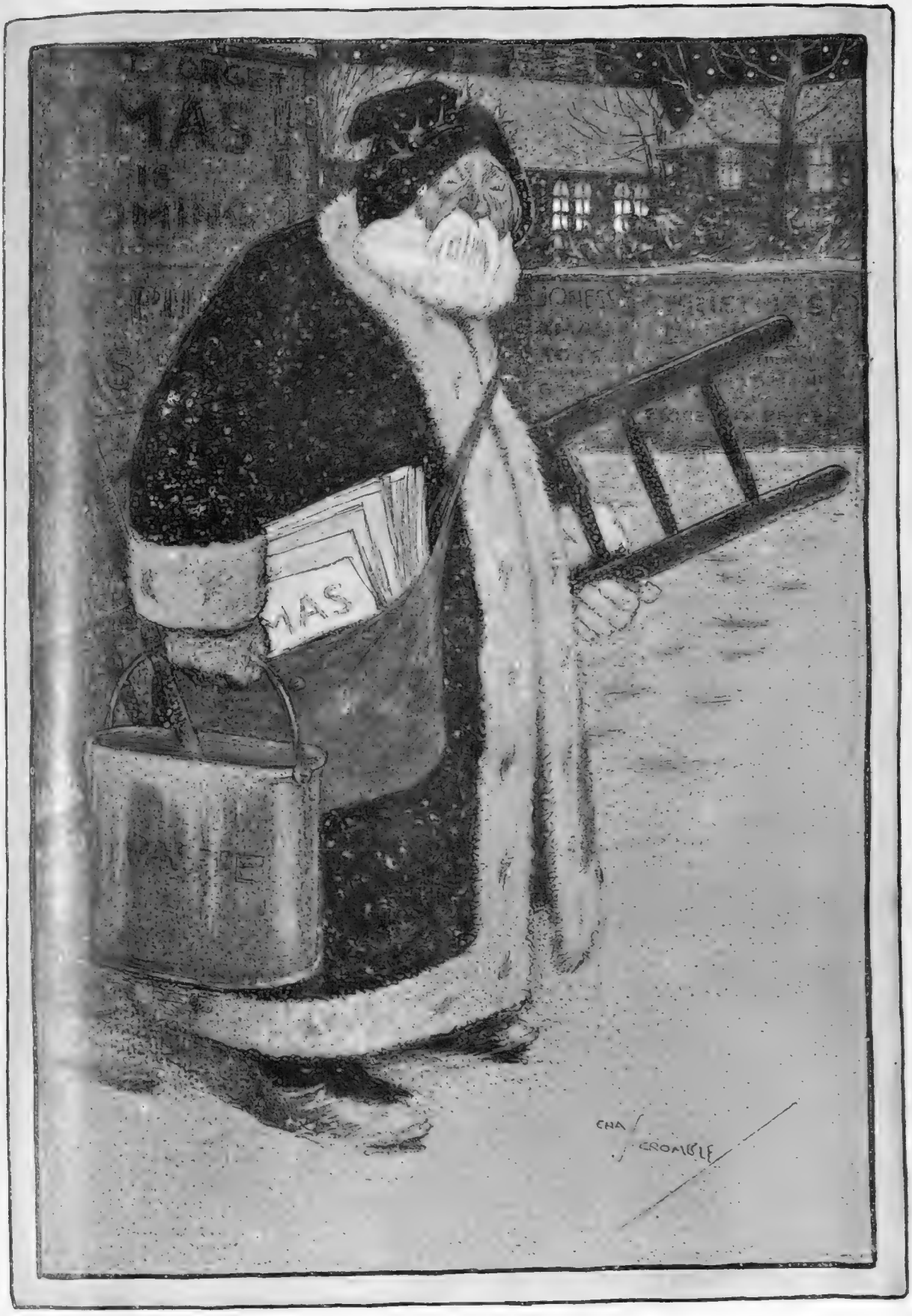
Alas! It is the same wherever we turn. Christmas generally is no longer what it was, or what we believe it (on the evidence of Dickens, Washington Irving, Randolph Caldecott, and many more) to have been. There was, we gather from these authors, a time when nobody troubled himself about the expense of "keeping" Christmas elaborately, still less about the little accounts that pour in about that date. There was a time when even the most elderly persons consumed the most perilous food, and the most prodigious quantities of liquor, without trenching upon the undertaker's holiday-season. There was a time when it snowed picturesquely as often as Christmas came round, and nobody minded it; when there were no tramps to be frozen to death, and everybody had good boots; when no violent old gentlemen swore terribly at the pure white flakes, and wired for tickets to the Riviera.

Here is the modern man's view of a good, old-fashioned Christmas in the country, taken from a book by that gentle cynic, Mr. G. W. E. Russell:

> "Christians, awake," with the thermometer below zero; the arctic cold of the family pew at Proudflesh Park or The Sawpits; the faint odour of long-descended ancestry wafted up from the vault beneath; the concourse of uncongenial cousins; the masses of revengeful food; The Servants' Ball and The Workhouse Treat—all these "Christmassy sort of things," as Byng in *Happy Thoughts* called them, belong to a remote past.

It seems, in truth, as if that method of celebrating the feast—a method, by the way, which some of those concerned must at some period have enjoyed, terrible as it is made to appear in this passage—were dying out fast enough. With many of us nowadays it is a question of which we can run to—the South of France or a good hotel in town—during the festive season. And Father Christmas does not occur to us.

Well, the old gentleman has done good service in his time. If the children of your distinguished acquaintance, gentle reader, mock at him as a myth, you can, perhaps, recall a time when you yourself believed in him, and were not any the worse. He was the emblem of much that was very good, which is, we will hope, but taking new forms when it seems to be vanishing.




"The anxiety and strain of modern life have left their mark on him"

*SCENES FROM*

# "The Taming of the Shrew"

## AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE

**Lucentio** *(Mr. W. Hampden)* **Hortensio** *(Mr. H. R. Hignett)* **Biondello** *(Mr. E. Lyall Swete)*

**Grumio** *(Mr. C. Rock)* **Tranio** *(Mr. C. Angelo)* **Petruchio** *(Mr. Oscar Asche)* **Gremio** *(Mr. H. Grinwood)*

**Act I., Scene I.—Padua, a public place**

**Tranio** *(Mr. Charles Angelo)*

*Photos by* *Biograph Studio*

**Bianca** *(Miss P. Gaythorne)* **Grumio** *(Mr. Charles Rock)* **Lucentio** *(Mr. Walter Hampden)*

**Act II.—The Wedding: Petruchio (Mr. Oscar Asche) carries off his bride, the Shrew (Miss Lily Brayton), from Baptista's house**

# "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE

Hortensio (disguised) (*Mr. H. R. Hignett*) Bianca (*Miss P. Gaythorne*)

Lucentio (*Mr. W. Hampden*) Tranio (*Mr. C. Angelo*)

**Act III.—Lucentio and Bianca, the lovers, in Baptista's garden**

Petruchio (*Mr. Oscar Asche*) Katharina, the Shrew (*Miss Lily Brayton*)

*Photos by* *Biograph Studio*

Bianca (*Miss P. Gaythorne*) Lucentio (*Mr. W. Hampden*)

**Act IV.—The Supper Scene in Lucentio's lodging at the Inn, Padua**

# Gossip About Books and Their Makers

**The Bystander's Birthday**

Perhaps one who is only a contributor to a journal, and not a worker in that mysterious behind-the-scenes of the editorial department, can view the finished product with something of the detachment which is thought needful to an outside opinion. Yet, if I ventured to express the personal pleasure with which I have watched THE BYSTANDER shape itself in the bright, alert, vivacious child of the Press whose multitudinous friends are to-day wishing "many happy returns," I might be suspected of prejudice in favour of the sturdy infant who was firm on its feet long ere its first birthday dawned. But while I refrain from raising this suspicion, even my overplus of modesty cannot stay my hand from setting down a word or two purely personal to the readers of this weekly *causerie* and its writer. From many and distant parts of our Empire, and beyond, I have received, in the year that is past, letters from readers, whose interest in these notes of mine would indicate that I had not gossiped in vain. Only a few posts ago came an appreciative letter from a gentleman at an outlandish place in Upper Assam, reminding me that Mr. Henry James, whose home I mentioned vaguely the other week as being somewhere in the south of England, resides at Rye, in Sussex, a fact I had, for the moment, forgotten. But it is surely an odd thing to have one's memory refreshed by a correspondent at such a distance. He added, by the way, "THE BYSTANDER has become first favourite up here." Indeed, when I remember communications I have had from India, Turkey, France, Germany, America, and many parts of "these inlands," I am disposed to look upon our BYSTANDER as, paradoxically, a very Ulysses of the Press!

*Photo by* **Mr. Andrew Lang** *Russell*

Mr. Lang's fairy books of varied hue are a regular feature of the 'Xmas season

**Christmas in Bookland**

The coming of Christmas is so pleasantly associated with activity in the book world, that, to many of us whose interests are chiefly bookish, it seems almost designed as a sort of literary saturnalia. The festival of the children, our happy fate has decreed we may all become as children again in the revels of Christmas bookland. Stevenson struck the true note in these lines:

> How am I to sing your praise,
> Happy chimney corner days,
> Sitting safe in nursery nooks,
> Reading picture story books?

For although the great mass of "the season's books" crowding the shops at present have been, like the pantomimes now rehearsing, destined ostensibly for the youngsters, who shall say how many grey-heads will find delight in them as at the opening of a magic portal to the sunny land of Long-ago? A noticeable change, however, has come over our Christmas literature, and not entirely for the better. The literary "annual" which had a geat vogue in the early and middle years of last century, such as Alaric Watts' *Literary Souvenir*, S. C. Hall's *Amulet*, Allan Cunningham's *The Anniversary*, and many another publication of that type, which attained to a high level of literary excellence, was characteristic of a past generation. But there must be many still living who remember the dear days when Dickens reigned king of Christmas, and a new story from his pen was one of the great events of the merry season. In fact, if Dickens had written nothing but his Christmas stories, his fervent wish, "God keep my memory green," would surely have been granted, as these are still to us "who later linger by bleaker seas" the very essence and embodiment of the Christmas spirit.

**Wanted: More Christmas Books**

We have no Dickens, no Thackeray, to write new Christmas tales for us now, and it has often seemed to me a pity that none of our eminent authors have made a practice of devoting a portion of their time and talent to the production of a genuine Christmas story for each recurring festival of goodwill. That the old-fashioned ghost story is no longer in vogue, may not be altogether a matter of regret; but the utter absence of the real Christmas flavour from the bulk of our best Yuletide literature is not to be

so regarded. At the back of it is a mercenary reason; the need for our popular novelists to write every story with an eye to future reproduction in book-form. Yet this should not be a barrier to the revival of the real, right thing, since the sale for collected Christmas stories by such authors as Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. W. Pett Ridge, and Mr. W. W. Jacobs, all of whom could do the thing to perfection, would surely be remunerative. I have mentioned humorists only, for we want neither cynics nor "realists" tampering with the Christmas spirit. What a ghastly thing a Christmas tale by "John Oliver Hobbes" or Mr. Thomas Hardy might be!

**The Realms of Faëry**

No matter how public taste may change, the fairy story is always sure of its audience at Christmas time. Even for grown-up children its charm will remain, and that we are becoming more practical every day should increase rather than diminish our liking for this delightful kind of literature. Some of the ancients, such as "Bluebeard," are shockingly "bluggy"; but there is the best of literature in "The King of the Golden River" and the immortal "Alice," and delicious entertainment as well. The fairy story is one of the most difficult branches of literary art, and the one which every amateur scribbler's first attempts, as editors of children's annuals know to their sorrow. Mr. Andrew Lang has long fulfilled the *rôle* of Oberon by marshalling his fairies for the Christmas revels, as I think he has given a collection of these charming stories, drawn from many sources, each season since 1889, when he began with the "Blue Fairy Book," and only the imminent exhaustion of all the colours and shades is like to embarrass his further efforts in this delectable field. For the present season he has had to colour his title with so dark a shade as brown, but the stories inside the "Brown Fairy Book" are as bright as ever.

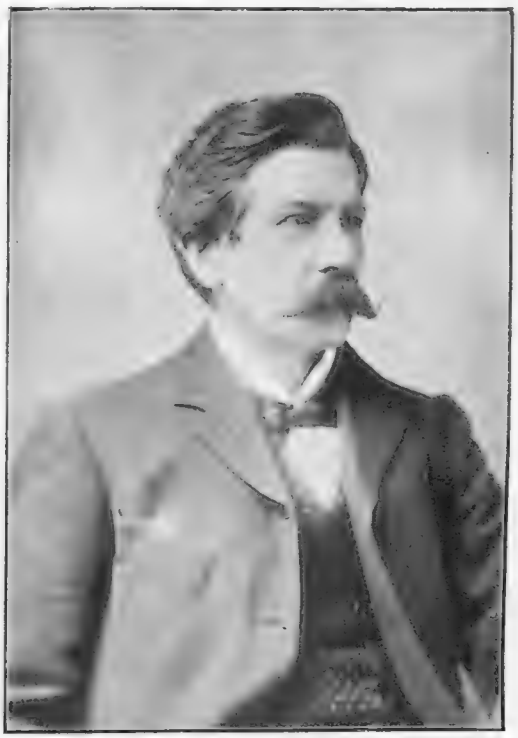


*Photo by* *Russell*

**Mr. Robert Leighton**

A favourite author of books for boys

**For the Boys and Girls**

There is a general agreement among those who cater for the young that, while girls read books written for boys, the future lords of creation will not condescend to patronise the literature designed for their sisters. Hence the great preponderance of books for boys, although girls are notoriously the more avid readers. But the sexes are balanced by the fact that most of the books for young people are the work of lady-writers. Miss Everett Green, Mrs. L. T. Meade, and Miss Amy le Feuvre, are, perhaps, the most popular writers of this class, though none of them, in their juvenile books, seem to aim at a very high literary standard. Mrs. Hubert Bland, who writes under her maiden name of E. Nesbit, is incomparably the most literary, the most original, and the wittiest. Mrs. W. K. Clifford, one of our ablest women novelists, has also written a children's book this year, and I am sure it must be a good one, as the title is the happiest I have seen—"The Getting Well of Dorothy." The men of any note who are writing boys' books could be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Another posthumous volume by the late G. A. Henty has been published, but I cannot confess myself an admirer of his work. Mr. Manville Fenn, who so long shared with him the favour of British boyhood, is still to the fore with new stories every season. He has done better work than Henty. Better, perhaps, from the strictly literary point of view, than either, is Mr. Robert Leighton, who has devoted his very conspicuous gifts almost entirely to juvenile literature. He is, I think, bound to take the foremost place as the boys' story-teller. Mr. Leighton, whose father was a celebrated Scottish poet, was editor of *Young Folks* when Stevenson's "Treasure Island"—surely a boys' classic—appeared in its pages. Mr. Herbert Haynes and Mr. Herbert Strang are two other writers for boys who take their craft seriously and produce work of a high order. If some enterprising publisher could only induce General Sir William Butler to write such another story as "Red Cloud, the Solitary Sioux," he would deserve well of the younger generation. But Sir William is nigh on three score and ten, and it is nearly a quarter of a century since he wrote that, the last of his splendid tales of adventure; so I fear he will give us no more. But, after all, if there should never be another Christmas book or another boys' story written, we have a splendid heritage from the past. "Robinson Crusoe" will have its thousands of readers every year for generations to come, and so, too, despite the superior persons who sneer at Dickens, "A Christmas Carol," "The Cricket on the Hearth," and others of the famous series.

THE HIT OF THE SEASON

"Who done it?"

*DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL*

# CHRISTMAS
## and Birthday Number

"THE BYSTANDER" GIRL TO THE READER

A year ago, when first we met,
I thought, dear reader, I should know
How to immesh you in my net
A year ago

I was all hope, all *allegro*;—
My editor might fume and fret—
*I* knew that I would be a "go."

Well, I proved right! but don't forget
That *you* have made the victory, so
Friend of a year, we wont regret
A year ago.

E. M.

# Beautiful Furs

IN THE

very latest Fashions.

For Christmas Presents.

For New Year's Gifts.

# The International Fur Store,

163 & 165, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

"I discerned, in a dark corner abaft the funnels, the figure of a woman"

# THE AFFAIR IN PONT STREET

**By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. Illustrated by Clement Flower**

IT blew hard in the Channel early in the morning of last Christmas Eve.

On my way home from Budapest to spend the Yuletide—for, like many another Englishman, I hate the Continental Christmas—I descended from the overheated sleeping-car, passed through the big buffet at Calais, and went, shivering, aboard the night-boat for Dover, into which the incoming mails from the North of Europe were rapidly being counted.

"Three two-eight! Three two-nine! Three-thirty! All!—Three-thirty, sir!" cried the man who had been counting each bag as it was shot below. The receipt was signed, the French mail officer went ashore; the siren awoke the echoes of the dark harbour, over which the revolving light was flashing, and in a few moments we began to move away from the wharf—homeward bound for England.

Most of the passengers had gone below to take shelter from the piercing wind, for there were already signs of a dirty night outside the harbour. As I was pacing the deck, however, I discerned, in a dark corner abaft the funnels, the figure of a woman seated in such a position that as we ran into the open sea she must be drenched, and, moreover, her face was buried in her hands, as though in abject despair. For a little time I watched her, and finding that she did not move from her unsafe position I walked across, and said:

"Will you pardon me, madame, if I suggest that you should move? We shall probably ship seas as soon as we get out. You will be all right a little further up on the other side of the vessel."

She looked up at me suddenly with some surprise, as though awakened from deep reverie, and in the gloom I saw that she was young, dark-haired, and uncommonly pretty. Thanking me, she rose and walked to the spot I had indicated. I got her a deck-chair and an oil-skin rug from one of the seamen, and having settled her comfortably, took a seat beside her.

The small electric light near where we sat showed her heavy fur-trimmed travelling-coat was by no means of common make, and that her pale countenance was perfect in its beauty. In her great, dark eyes there seemed a strange look of wistfulness and apprehension—as though some great mystery were hidden there. From the first moment we had met she had interested me. She was a foreigner, going to England alone.

"Madame is French?" I inquired presently, after a pause.

"No; Italian," was her answer. "But I have just come from Cettinje."

"And you go to London?"

"Yes, m'sieur, to your great and wonderful London."

"Have you ever been there before?"

"Once"—and I thought that her voice was harsh

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as though the recollection of her visit was a bitter one. I was not mistaken in my surmise, for there were tears in her eyes.

In order to change the topic of conversation, I began to talk to her about Italy, while behind us two passengers, apparently preferring the icy blast to the stuffiness of the saloons and lower deck, were pacing unsteadily up and down.

The vessel rolled so heavily in the gale that the men in the long, dark ulsters had considerable difficulty in keeping their feet, and, after a quarter of an hour or so, it suddenly occurred to me that they were endeavouring to overhear our conversation. Therefore, when they re-passed, I turned back and caught sight of their faces in the light.

Both were foreigners—one, about forty, with a heavy black moustache, and the other was clean-shaven, about ten years his senior; but both were well-groomed and well set up, walking with that swinging gait that showed they had worn uniform. They were trying to smoke cigars, and, as they passed, peered inquiringly into my face with a curious expression which somehow aroused my curiosity.

"Those men seem to be unduly interested in us," I remarked, when they had gone.

"Men are always curious when they notice a woman make a chance-met acquaintance," she said, and laughed unconcernedly, without troubling to glance at them. "They probably saw me alone in the *wagon-lit*, and now they see me sitting here with you. I suppose," she added, "it would be thought a very dreadful breach of the *convenances* by these English!" And she gave vent to a mischievous little laugh.

On the pier at Dover, one circumstance puzzled me. I distinctly saw the elder of the two eaves-droppers speak to her rapidly, and then regard me with a dark, sinister look.

She drank a cup of tea as we sat opposite each other in the train for Charing Cross. Notwithstanding our heavy wraps and rugs, we were both shivering, for the early morning journey between Dover and London is always a cold one, even in summer. Immediately before the departure of the train, the two men had passed along the platform and stared in at us, as though watching, but I did not again refer to them, she having so completely dismissed them. Yet their persistency aroused my suspicion. They seemed to be following her.

Her name was Francesca Montalbo, she told me, when I gave her a card, and by the pureness of her Italian, when we spoke that language, I knew she was Florentine. Her dark, handsome beauty was the most striking that I had ever seen.

What, I wondered, as I sat opposite her, was the secret history of her previous visit to London?

As we ran across the Thames into Charing Cross I ventured to express a hope that we might meet again, whereupon she fixed her dark eyes upon mine and answered with a slight sigh:

"I fear not, Mr. Lacey—unless the world is smaller than I believe it to be."

She was extremely modest and discreet. She had accepted my companionship, but intended that when the train came to a standstill it should end. Her hands were gloved, therefore I could not ascertain whether she wore the golden badge of matrimony.

"Then we may not meet again?" I remarked regretfully.

She hesitated for a few moments, looking at me seriously. Then at last she said in a hoarse, strained voice:

"No. Because—well there are reasons why we must not meet—strong reasons."

And before I could reply, the train had come to a standstill, and a porter had opened the door.

"Good-bye," she said, offering her hand as I assisted her to descend, and a moment later there stood behind her a smart footman in fur cape, who saluted and took her dressing-case. And with a sweet smile that haunted me for a long time afterwards, she entered the neat *coupé* and drove away, before I could get a glimpse of the arms emblazoned upon the panel.

Again, as I stood hailing a hansom, the two foreigners who had eyed me with such suspicion passed me by, peering again into my face.

I drove to my mother's house in Bedford Square, and spent a merry Christmas Eve, the dinner forming, as it always did, a family reunion. Although I lived on the Continent the greater part of the year, I always made a point of being at home to spend the festive season. Through the whole day my mind was filled with thoughts of my dainty little fellow-traveller and of the two hard-faced men who had watched my movements so closely. Had they been detectives following her they could not have been more interested in my movements.

She had given me no hope of another meeting, and I was filled with regret. The mystery surrounding her had interested me, and her beauty had held me as beneath a spell.

Just before luncheon on Christmas day, old Shelton, the man-servant, handed me a letter which had been brought by a boy-messenger who was awaiting an answer. Tearing it open, I saw, to my boundless delight, that it was in a woman's fine angular hand, and signed "Francesca."

Dated from 18a, Pont Street, it invited me, if I had nothing better to do, to dine there at eight o'clock that evening. The brief note concluded with the words: "I am in peril, and want your assistance. I am sure you will advise me what I should do."

As you may readily imagine, I accepted, and that night, instead of eating my Christmas dinner at my mother's table, I excused myself, and took a hansom through the deserted streets to the address upon the letter.

The liveried servant who admitted me did not inquire my name, but as soon as he had taken my coat and hat, showed me into the handsome drawing-room, where my fellow-traveller of the previous morning rose to greet me.

She looked magnificent in a black gown covered with glittering sequins, a costume which, by contrast, made her white arms and neck shine like alabaster. Around her delicate throat was a fine gold chain with an antique ruby pendant.

"I am so glad you have been able to come, Mr. Lacey," she exclaimed in French. "I feared that, perhaps, you would not care to be absent from your family circle to-night."

Inviting me to a chair beside her, we chatted while

I was afforded an opportunity of examining the room and realising its luxury. For ten minutes or so we talked merrily, when, of a sudden, the door opened, and a servant, bowing, exclaimed in Italian—

"*Sua Altezza, al suo comodo il pranzo e' servito.*"

Altezza! The man addressed her as Highness. Then she was a Princess!

"Come," she said, "let us go in to dinner."

Therefore I offered her my arm, and crossing the hall, entered the white-and-gold dining room at the rear of the house, where, to my surprise, I found that the table was laid for two persons only.

"After dinner," she whispered, as we walked together, "I will tell you of the difficulty in which I find myself. I want you to help me—if you will."

"With the greatest pleasure, Princess," was my reply; and I noticed that her lips compressed slightly as though in displeasure that I should have discovered her true rank. She had evidently intended to conceal it from me.

It was an old-fashioned Christmas dinner, even to the English plum-pudding and the holly, and when we had finished, and were again alone in the drawing-room, she offered me a cigarette from her small gold case and took one herself, lighting it daintily, and lying back in her chair, regarded me for some minutes with half-closed eyes.

"Well, Princess?" I exclaimed at last.

"Well?" she said, stirring herself and bending towards me. "You want to know the reason of all this, Mr. Lacey. I will tell you. I"—and she glanced around as though to make certain there were no eavesdroppers—"I am in peril of my life!"

"In what manner?" I inquired quickly.

"Ah! It is a long story—too long to tell now, and so strange that you would probably doubt me. I can only tell you that I am the most unhappy of women, and that I fear that at any moment death may come to me by the hand of a secret avenger."

"But cannot I render you assistance?" I suggested, seeing by her pale face how terribly anxious she was.

"Ah! yes," she sighed, with a wistful look. "You might assist me—you might, indeed, save my life—if only you would. There is one way—only one way. But it is, alas! quite out of the question. We are comparative strangers, and you would never consent."

"To what?"

"To act in the manner that would be necessary."

"How must I act?" I asked quickly.

But she was silent, with her great, dark eyes fixed upon the fire. The beauty of her countenance was entrancing.

"No," she said, shaking her head in sorrow. "I will not ask you—it is too great a favour to ask of any man. It might be misconstrued."

"What?"

She was again silent for a long time, until I repeated my question. Then she said:

"To save me from this peril there is but one way—that you should pose as my husband."

"Your husband!" I gasped, bewildered.

"Yes. For one day only. You speak Italian well—and might pass as the Prince."

"But for what reason?" I queried.

"To save me," was her low, hoarse reply. "To save me from dishonour—nay death."

"I showed the announcement to the Princess, but she only smiled, saying, 'The announcement is preparatory for the day of our pretended union'"

I hesitated, for the proposal was so unusual and unexpected that my natural caution at once asserted itself. It is not every day that a man is asked to impersonate a Prince in order to save a woman.

"See!" she exclaimed quickly, taking something from her pocket and holding it up. It was a wedding-ring which she slipped upon her own finger. "See! It is very easy; if you will only consent for one day only to be my husband: Don Ferdinando Cairoli, Prince of Valdarno." She had risen and stood before me, adding: "I know, Mr. Lacey, that this request of mine bewilders you. But in making it I can offer no explanation at present. I can only implore you to save my life," she said, in a tone broken by emotion.

What could I reply? What would you have replied?

I took her Highness's small white hand, and, bending over it, gave her my promise. On a day to be fixed by her—for one day only—I was to pose as her husband.

Was I being tricked? No. She was no adventuress. Her distress, combined with the actions of that evil-faced pair who had followed her to England, convinced me that some dire peril threatened her—one that, by my own action, I could avert.

And so I spent Christmas evening, smoking alone with her at her fireside, mystified by the present, and wondering of the future.

One foggy evening, about six o'clock, I had been to tea with her, and was passing along Victoria Street, Westminster, when I suddenly changed my destination and turned upon my heel. To my surprise, I came face to face with the elder of the two foreigners who had watched her. The clean-shaven fellow had evidently been following me!

I told her about it on the following day, but she only said:

"He cannot have been watching you. There is no motive in it, that I can see."

"But they were watching you on board the Channel boat," I said.

Whereupon she smiled and calmy expressed a hope that they had satisfied their curiosity. It was evident that, whoever they were, she did not fear them.

Next morning I was surprised to read in the *Morning Post* the announcement that: "His Highness the Prince of Valdarno, brother of the Queen of Spain, accompanied by the Princess, have arrived at 18a, Pont Street."

I showed it to the Princess, but she only smiled, saying:

"The announcement is preparatory for the day of our pretended union."

"I really wish you would be more explicit," I said. "I cannot see how the masquerade can shield you from this mysterious peril."

"The possession of a husband, my dear Mr. Lacey, even in these days, is very necessary for social success—a fact that even one in my own position cannot afford to ignore. I have some friends coming the day after to-morrow. Will you come, say, at four o'clock and be introduced—as a preliminary?"

"Certainly," I laughed, "if you really wish it."

"Recollect," she said, "you are Don Ferdinando, and our palaces are in Ferrara and Madrid. You were born in Ferrara, but lived a long time in England before you succeeded. We have been married a little over two years."

"Oh, have we!" I laughed. "Well, I'll try and sustain the fiction as well as I can—if it is really to serve you, Princess."

"Yes. Do it for my sake," she urged, pressing my hand and looking earnestly into my eyes.

Therefore, on the afternoon appointed, I arrayed myself in my best frock coat, tied my cravat with care, assumed a monocle, and drove to Pont Street to await the visitors. My "wife" was gowned to perfection, and presently, when the footman announced the Marchioness of Lyndhurst, and there entered a smart, rather pretty, woman, accompanied by a man, I was introduced by Her Highness and compelled to do the honours. Following them came a stout, elderly lady who proved to be the wealthy Baroness Baring, and a few minutes afterwards I found myself bending over the hand of that leader of the smart set whom everyone tried to get to their houses, Lady Stanmere. Others came, and the gathering was a very pleasant one of the most select set in London. I heard plenty of scandal and gossip, and in turn related the latest Continental tittle-tattle that I had fortunately picked up in Florence, Berlin, and Budapest.

At half-past six, when the last visitor had departed, and I put on my overcoat, Her Highness burst out laughing, saying:

"You really make an excellent Prince, Mr. Lacey. The women are all delighted with you."

"I wonder what they would say if they knew that I was a prince of fiction, and not of fact," I said.

"Well, many of them would be very charmed to meet Mr. Bertram Lacey, the novelist, I am sure."

"Ah! you are paying me too great a compliment, Princess," I declared; and then I bade her farewell, and returned to Bedford Square to dinner, much puzzled over the secret motive of the masquerade.

During the week that followed, I called several times, and spent more delightful hours with her, yet once, on leaving, I saw lounging at the corner of the street the evil-faced man whom I had encountered in the fog. The fellow's face so haunted me that I began to become unnerved. I felt convinced that he meant mischief.

The next time I posed publicly as the Prince was about ten days later, when, according to arrangement, I went to Pont Street after luncheon, and drove out with Her Highness in her victoria to do some shopping.

We returned to Pont Street to tea, and afterwards I went home to dress, as she had a large dinner-party that evening, at which I was to represent her husband.

There were eight guests, five of whom were women, all of the best set in London. As I sat at table, with Lady Stanmere on my right and the Marchioness of Lyndhurst on my left, I glanced around, and saw that the gowns were superb and the jewels magnificent. Lady Stanmere's diamonds are too well known in London Society to need description, while the tiaras of two of the other visitors were worth thousands.

My "wife," too, was dressed superbly, and as well as a quantity of beautiful jewels, she wore in her

"And when a dash was made for the door, the male visitors—all of whom, save one, were members of the gang—made a rush, and tore off the women's jewels"

corsage the crimson and white ribbon with white enamelled cross—one of the high Spanish orders. Altogether, the party was the smartest and most brilliant at which I had ever been a guest. Was it not strange, indeed, that I was actually the host of the smartest little gathering in London?

One fact puzzled me greatly, for seated at table opposite me was a well-dressed man, whose face seemed somehow strangely familiar to me. He had been introduced by my "wife" as the Marquis della Lastra, of the Italian Embassy, and was chatting affably with Lady Stanmere as the fish was served.

Suddenly, like a flash, the astounding truth dawned upon me. The man was no other than the fellow who had so persistently followed me! To his clean-shaven face he had added a dark moustache, and with a few touches he had very cleverly altered his facial expression. What, I wondered, did it mean?

Our eyes met several times, but he regarded me with utter unconcern, except to make a few remarks regarding the difference of life in London to that in Rome.

The ladies were particularly affable towards me, addressing me as "Prince," and expressing a hope that my "wife" and I would go and dine with them, and do a play afterwards, and the meal was progressing very merrily when all of a sudden one of the men-servants put his head in at the door, pale and agitated, and cried: "Fire! The house is on fire, your Highness! Fly!"

Next instant women and men made a mad rush for the door, and I also rose from the table in alarm. But ere I had taken two paces I saw the guests, panic-stricken, fighting together in the doorway in their eagerness to escape from the burning house. The women shrieked and struggled, and I was about to rush in and take their part, as they seemed to be prevented by the male visitors from escaping, when I felt a crushing blow at the back of my head, and fell to the floor like a log.

When I came to myself I found that it was broad daylight, and I was in a small bed in a hospital, with a nurse and doctor at my side. For the first hour or so, my senses seemed wrapped in cotton-wool, but presently, when I could think and reason, I noticed, to my surprise, an ordinary-looking man seated near my bed. He bore the stamp of a detective, and such he turned out to be.

In answer to my enquiries, he told me that I was under arrest, whereupon I naturally enquired the nature of my crime.

"Well, I should think you know," he said roughly. "Your trick was certainly something new."

"What trick?" I cried. "I was knocked insensible, and know nothing, except that the place was ablaze."

"Ah! that story is all very well," the fellow laughed. "I suppose you'll deny that Lady Stanmere and the others were invited there believing they were visiting a foreign royalty, and that while dining your house was set on fire in three places for the purpose of creating a panic."

"Well?" I gasped.

"And when a dash was made for the door, the male visitors—all of whom, save one, were members of the gang—made a rush, tore off the women's jewels, locked the unfortunate ladies in the room, and then made good their escape into the crowd attracted by the fire."

"They actually locked them in the burning house? Why I must have been lying there insensible!"

"Yes. You had a very narrow escape. The firemen found you after the women had succeeded in breaking open the door and getting out, and you were identified as the Prince of Valdarno."

I sat up in bed staring at the man open-mouthed, too dumbfounded to utter a single word.

Later that day, Chief-Inspector Rowling, of Scotland Yard, came and had a long interview with me, the result of which was the withdrawal of an officer at my bedside; and the revelation of what was one of the cleverest conspiracies of modern times.

For over a year, it appeared, the plot had been gradually matured by the gang of international thieves, who saw that Francesca, by posing as a foreign royalty, could inspire confidence in London, and get women to her table wearing their jewels. Therefore, the furnished house had been taken in Pont Street, and paragraphs judiciously circulated in the Press regarding the beauty of the young Princess, and her high family connections, until the best circle in London was anxious to meet her and judge for themselves.

Her servants were all members of the gang, and so cleverly was the whole affair arranged that jewels and ornaments, estimated as being worth over twenty thousand pounds, were secured from the frightened ladies, while the thieves disappeared so completely that not a single arrest was made.

A few weeks ago, however, the clean-shaven man, who had watched me so persistently, and who struck me down when he saw my intention to rescue the ladies, was arrested in Milan, and a quantity of the stolen jewels recovered. And when I was called to the Questura to identify him, the Chief of Police told me, in strictest confidence, that they had just obtained knowledge of the whereabouts of my bewitching young "wife."

But the guests at Pont Street are doing their utmost to keep the affair out of the papers.

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

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By EDITH ST. L. WILSON. Illustrated by A. K. MACDONALD

(BEFORE)

MRS. Beverley Carlton stood in an amber-tinted boudoir, clad in a sweeping white silk dinner gown. The waving masses of her dull, black hair were gathered back and coiled in simple fashion about her shapely head. A snowy ostrich fan, with an amber frame, lay on the dressing-table beside a necklace of magnificent diamonds. A wreath of holly had tumbled to the floor, and a shaggy terrier was amusing himself by scattering the berries broadcast. The woman was standing as if lost in thought. Her maid had disappeared, with a sigh of relief, ten minutes before. Madame had been very particular that evening, and Marie's patience was on the wane. She had arranged Madame's hair no less than five times, and she had studied the effect of that old-fashioned tiara for fully a quarter of an hour! She had brushed Madame's eye-brows until her fingers ached. She had devoted so much attention to Madame's eyes that the brown orbs sparkled until they rivalled the very diamonds which Marie had clasped about Madame's fair neck full four-and-twenty times! No wonder that the little French girl wasted no time in gliding along the richly-carpeted corridor, and finding her way to the servants' hall, where a good-looking footman was sure to be waiting to sympathise with her! Had Mrs. Beverley Carlton been gifted with second-sight, she might have been more considerate, where Marie, her treasure of a maid, was concerned! But how *was* she to know that every time she tried Marie's patience too sorely, she was sending her treasure more surely into the realms of protection from which none can retreat—save by the gate-ways of Death or Divorce! Mrs. Carlton had forgotten Marie's existence by the time the girl had given vent to that sigh of relief! The woman in the amber-tinted boudoir surveyed herself in the long mirror. She knew that she looked dazzlingly brilliant. She snatched up the diamond necklace, held it in her well-shaped hand for a moment, and then decided to wear it. It suited her to perfection, and she smiled dreamily as she noted the effect. A long, long time before, a certain Sydney Strange had told her that when she wore those gems against her white skin, they looked like so many gleaming dew-drops on snowy satin!

The white terrier, having played sufficient havoc with the holly, turned his attention to Mrs Carlton's train. Anything that "Mischief" chose to do, as a rule, met with the approval of his mistress. But, for the first time in his existence, the animal was treated to no more consideration than was the French maid. He was ignored, his feelings were hurt, and there was

The white terrier turned his attention to Mrs. Carlton's train

an expression of injured dignity in his blinking eyes as he crawled away and hid behind the curtained bed in the adjoining room.

A clock struck eight. Mrs. Beverley Carlton descended to the drawing-room, and glided towards her girlish hostess, Constance Daintry.

"Oh," the girl commenced, "I'm so glad you are down, Mrs. Carlton! I've been watching that door for an age!"

"Really, dear? Am I the last to appear upon the scene? I say, Connie, who is this Mr. Strange who is to have the extreme honour of taking me in to dinner?"

"Oh, Mr. Sydney Strange, he's a cousin of Mr. Harvey's."

"Is he here yet?"

"Hush, here he is! Mrs. Carlton, may I introduce Mr. Strange?"

"Hush! here he is!"

No one but Mr. Jacob Harvey noticed the flush that overspread Mrs. Beverley Carlton's beautiful features as the introduction was acknowledged. It was by the *merest chance* that he caught the following snatches of conversation during dinner!

The tones were discreetly modulated, but their "drift" was not lost upon Jacob Harvey.

"Sydney, do you remember the last Christmas dinner we had together?"

"I say, Violet, do you mind if we talk politics until after we've finished soup!"

"Do you remember the last Christmas dinner we had together?"

"I agree. That's the only course during which I ever venture on so dry a topic!"

. . . .

"——Fascinating as ever, Violet?"

"Only when I'm in a good humour! Nowadays, that happy state of affairs exists very seldom! It used to be chronic, with me, I believe. That was long ago, when ——"

"*When?*"

"Long before I became Mrs. Beverley Carlton!"

. . . . . .

"You used to admire this necklace!"

"It *is* beautiful. I always *did* admire beautiful things!"

"And beautiful people, Sydney! I remember you once said ——"

. . . . . .

"Did I ever make such idiotic speeches? No wonder you ——"

"Sydney—*Syd-ney* ——"

. . . . .

"Constance is *such* a good-natured girl. She often reminds me of ——"

"Of what you were yourself, in the olden days! Is that what you were going to say, Violet? She is ——"

. . . . .

"Artichokes? Like fishes, they're good for the brain."

"They are. I fairly lived on them five years ago!"

. . . . .

"—— Politics or weather, I say. You know, men when put to the test——"

"——Are all very much alike! That's been *my* experience!"

"But, you know, Violet—there *are* exceptions."

. . . . .

"Thank fortune, this dinner will soon come to an end—as most things do, sooner or later! These big affairs are rather a bore, don't you think?"

"Vi! A Christmas dinner a bore! I've been enjoying these stray reminiscences, for my part! Even these almonds remind me of——"

"Of what? There are strangers to right of us, strangers to left of us——"

. . . . .

"How could I know, Sydney? I only arrived at the tea-hour! I have not seen Constance alone for a second, since I came. I quite thought that she was still engaged to Mr. Harvey. You should not have allowed me to go on talking, as——"

"See you later, in the drawing-room!"

"I've told her everything but the girl's name!"

"Never mind! I took it for granted that Constance had told you. We only became engaged last night! It's not public property yet."

"You have not told her that we were once en——"

. . . . .

"Certainly not. Think of how I should feel after—to-night! I've said enough to——"

"Oh, come, now! We were merely talking nonsense!"

"Perhaps! Does Constance know that——"

"She knows that I was engaged, once upon a time, and that the girl jilted me, very sensibly, because I hadn't a penny to my name. I've told her everything. That is—everything but the girl's name! She said she did not want to know *that*——"

. . . . .

"See you later, in the drawing-room! You're as well versed in politics as ever! So glad to have seen you again!"

"Thank you! I've found you brilliant as you used to be, and this *has* been such a jolly dinner!"

. . . . .

(After)

Mr. Jacob Harvey enjoyed his after-dinner cigar, and in the rings of smoke, he pictured himself on his knees before Mrs. Beverley Carlton.

For some reason he decided that she would make an excellent wife for a rising politician

Later on, Mr. Sydney Strange stood gazing at the moon with an odd expression on his fascinating face.

Mr. Harvey pictured himself on his knees

"Beautiful woman that," he muttered, "beautiful woman! Had I known that she was a widow, with a snug little fortune, before I became engaged to Constance——! There was despair in her eyes, her *glorious* eyes, when I told her the truth to-night! But she was plucky—she always *was* plucky!"

And in the amber-tinted boudoir, Mrs. Beverley Carlton was sitting beside a huge grate fire, reading a French novel and eating candied ginger! Mrs.

Mrs. Beverley Carlton was reading a French novel and eating candied ginger

Beverley Carlton yawned. Then she surveyed the white silk dinner dress lying on a low Venetian lounge. "Marie," she exclaimed, "that frock is crushed—*positively crushed!*" And, to herself, she added: "And it really *was* not worth the candle!"

And, not far away, Constance Daintry was wishing that she could give a Christmas dinner like that several times in a year! She pressed her girlish lips reverently to a piece of mistletoe she held in her white hand, and then smiled.

"Life is such a rapturous thing!"

Edith St. L. Wilson.

# The Amazons

BY INGLIS ALLEN.

Illustrated by CHARLES CROMBIE.

An unpleasantly hot and stuffy smell is my first premonition of the state of affairs. Looking up I perceive that since my last visit a transformation has been effected in the High Road, a stretch of which has now been railed off by poles on forked trestles, while a huge iron vessel of boiling pitch steams away at the corner of the enclosure. From the pavement on either side a few score of loiterers idly watch the *dilettante* labours of a man pouring down pitch out of a sort of giant sauce-boat, and of a party of men in enlarged boots, who plod slowly in his train, smoothing down the shining liquid over the newly-laid wooden bricks. A little further on stands a wooden hut on small wheels, in line from which five men are absently passing bricks from hand to hand across the road, with the manner of elderly people impressed into a round game at a children's party. In the last section of the enclosure a gang is demolishing the old road with pickaxe and crowbar, while a somewhat bumptious-looking man in check knickerbockers, standing in the middle of the road with his hands in his pockets, smokes a cigarette, and gazes on the scene with an air of proprietorship.

I hasten to approach a compact group standing in the sun outside the farthest limits of the enclosure. In the centre is a voluble man, with an ill-nourished grey beard, who holds with one hand the bridle of a horse harnessed to a little top-heavy cart, piled with vegetable and fruit baskets, while with the half-open palm of the other he emphasises the points of a grievance of which he is plainly very full. The cart bears in gold letters on its front the name "E. Blossop," surmounted by an advertisement of somebody's "Virgin Vinegar"—whatever that may mean—and I recognise both name and advertisement as identical with those displayed on the window of a cool little tarpaulin-shaded shanty which I passed about half way from the other end of the enclosure.

"Wot I say is," observes the aggrieved Mr. Blossop, addressing himself to a man in a neckerchief, with a long, drooping moustache, bearing very much the appearance of a veteran colonel who has come down in the world—"Wot I say is, they ain't got no right ter do it. I'm domiciled there."

"They'll be 'avin yer drorin'-room carpet up next," remarks the Decayed Colonel, striking a match with sarcastic emphasis.

"An Englishman's 'ouse is 'is castle," adds Mr. Blossop, indicating the tarpaulin-covered shanty with two indignant fingers. "I'm domiciled there, I tell yer. Domiciled!"

The Decayed Colonel presses the burning tobacco into the bowl of his pipe with a black forefinger.

"Do anythink with yer—some of 'em," he observes vaguely.

"'Ave I got ter be prevented from approachin' my own domicile?" demands Mr. Blossop with great firmness. "Tell me thet."

There is a hum of approval from a little knot of women, who form the rest of the group. The Decayed Colonel strikes another match. "Is the shop yer own," he inquires, with legal precision, "or d'yer rent it?"

"It's my own shop, I tell yer," replies Mr. Blossop. "I'm domiciled there. They're excludin' me from my own domicile."

The Decayed Colonel nods gloomily.

"Give us a few more like some of 'em," he observes darkly, "an' it'd be orl bloomin' right an' no mistake."

"Picnickin' about 'ere," exclaims the outraged Mr. Blossop, "as if they was the Roy'l Family! Am I a slave or wot?"

Fired by this eloquence, a lady standing near me, with a glutinous looking baby in her arms, breaks out into speech.

"Let the man take 'is cart through!" she cries shrilly, addressing the back of the man in knickerbockers, still smoking his cigarette in the middle of the road. "'E as ter *work* fer 'is ivin'!"

The man in knickerbockers turns his head, then, perceiving the group round Mr. Blossop, resumes his position with his back to them. This seems very much to anger a second lady, who expresses her opinion, loudly, that he *did* ought to wear knickerbockers.

"Knickerbockers?" scornfully cries the woman with

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the baby. "Sacks I call 'em *I* wouldn't wear 'em. Not for a pound a week, I wouldn't!"

Here a contribution to the discussion is offered by a bare-headed lady in the doorway of a little newspaper and toyshop baking in the sun opposite

"I'd like ter see a 'usband o' mine in 'em!" she cries, and nods ominously. "That's all. I'd soon 'ave 'em orf of 'im!"

"Offer me a pound a week!" exclaims the exultant woman with the baby to me (whom, I presume, she takes for a music-hall manager), "an' I wouldn't wear em. Takes 'imself for the Dook o' York, I should think, standin' there a doin' no work in check knickerbockers. *I* wouldn't wear 'em."

"Why don't yer do some *work?*" cries an attentive lady indignantly, "'stead o' standin' there!"

"*Work?*" cries the lady newsvendor, with joyful satire, from her doorway. "You can't expect 'im ter do no work. 'Is mother ain't put 'im into trousis yet!"

There is a roar of laughter at this, the Decayed Colonel in particular being so amused that he falls over a small boy against one of the trestles, and then cuffs the boy's head to stop him crying. Furthermore, a number of children who have joined the group, taking up this latest remark as a sort of refrain, add their own jeering little voices, as is the way of their age, to the winning side. The man in knickerbockers, very red about the back of the neck, keeps his position, though in not so easy an attitude as before, in the middle of the road with his back turned, while his men move about their work with ill-concealed grins. Further along, the men engaged in the game of bricks are openly exchanging jokes on the situation. Quite a formidable party of the ladies of the neighbourhood have by this time gathered in front of Mr. Blossop's cart, and are simultaneously assailing the unfortunate man in knickerbockers with every variety of insult at their command.

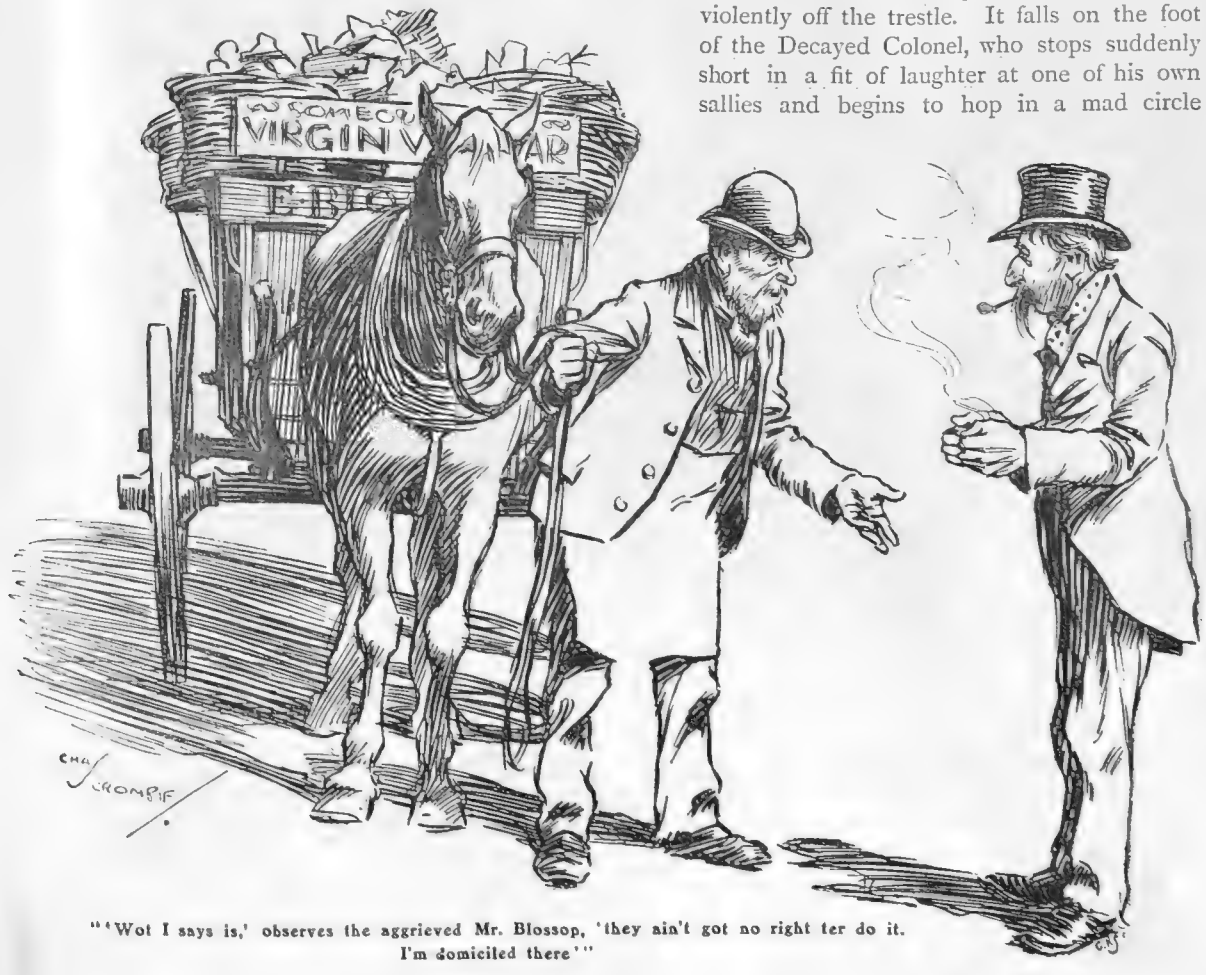
"'Is mother ain't put 'im in trousis yet,
'Is mother ain't put 'im in trousis yet"

chants the children's chorus gleefully.

In the meantime, the group has been joined by a bare-headed lady of Amazonian build, who pushes her way through and confers for a moment with the still aggrieved Mr. Blossop. She is a black-haired woman of a high colour and with considerably more moustache than the average subaltern; her massive arms and shoulders are encased in a tight, plum-coloured velveteen bodice, very much rubbed and blackened locally, while an apron projects from her waist in a wide curve before retreating again towards a pair of heavy hob-nailed boots. Suddenly, with a gesture of contempt, she pushes aside the prolix Mr. Blossop, and seizing the horse's bridle leads the cart through the crowd of excited women, who, for the most part, suddenly desert the knickerbocker topic and greet her with enthusiasm.

"Good ole Clarer Blossop!" cries one ecstatically. "You just wait till ole Clarer begins on 'im!"

Without a word, Mr. Blossop's natural protectress advances, and seizing the heavy wooden barrier with her disengaged hand jerks it violently off the trestle. It falls on the foot of the Decayed Colonel, who stops suddenly short in a fit of laughter at one of his own sallies and begins to hop in a mad circle




"'Wot I says is,' observes the aggrieved Mr. Blossop, 'they ain't got no right ter do it. I'm domiciled there'"

round the enclosure, holding one foot in his hand and raving volubly.

"Here get off the road there!" cries the man in knickerbockers, with whom he has suddenly collided.

"Get off—"

At the same moment he espies the Amazonian lady who has already entered the enclosure with the cart, cheered on by the loud voices of her partisans. He issues a brief order to his men, several of whom hasten towards the cart. The first to arrive is a wizened little man in a spotted

"Mrs. Blossop glares round for someone upon whom to wreak her vengeance"

red neck-cloth, who grasps the horse's bridle. The next instant he is staggering backwards under a resounding blow from the fist of Mrs. Blossop.

"Good ole Clarer!" scream the Amazon's partisans, in a transport, and begin to swarm over the fallen barrier. "Give it 'im, Clarer!"

Meanwhile, the man in knickerbockers has run forward, and is aiding two of his men in forcing the wheels of the cart backward towards the barrier.

Of this Mrs. Blossop is immediately apprised by the excited warnings of her partisans, who rush to her assistance in a body. Dropping the bridle, she runs furiously round the cart and aims a vigorous blow at the man in knickerbockers, already encumbered by the embrace of two ladies. Half-a-dozen navvies are hurrying to the rescue of their chief. At the same moment, there is a loud cracking sound, the man in knickerbockers and an auxiliary still holding a wheel fall violently backwards on top of the two ladies, and a cascade of vegetable and fruit baskets pour from one corner of the cart into the road.

With a hoarse cry of rage, Mrs. Blossop glares round for someone upon whom to wreak her vengeance, then dashes like lightning into the little group of advancing navvies, and flooring the foremost of them with a well-directed blow behind the ear, runs amok among the rest, scattering them right and left in her furious onslaught.

Hereupon, Mrs. Blossop's first victim, who has stumbled to his feet, with some vague notion of retribution, promptly hits the nearest member of the opposite sex, and immediately falls a victim to the rage of her companions. The injured lady, herself, finding vengeance thus snatched from her, retaliates, without hesitation, upon the only male within reach, who happens to be the Decayed Colonel, still hopping wildly about the enclosure on one leg, with the result that he leaves the perpendicular instantly, collapsing upon an inactive lady, who loses little time in herself swelling the conflict. In a very few second a veritable battle of Greeks and Amazons is raging, a battle in which the out-numbered Greeks sustain decidedly the worst part. As for the Decayed Colonel, he has risen profanely, and is limping, a confirmed misogynist, through the fray, hitting every woman he meets with the strictest impartiality.

In a very short time, the Greeks, completely routed, take cover behind the wooden hut.

The Decayed Colonel is beating a hurried retreat, very much harassed in the rear by two determined Amazons, towards a public-house beyond the limit of the enclosure.

Two policemen have suddenly appeared on the scene, and are immediately the centre of a verbose crowd of indignant women. The man in knickerbockers,

"It drops on the foot of the Decayed Colonel, who begins to hop in a mad circle round the enclosure"

followed more warily by his subordinates, leaves cover and joins the group, striving to make himself heard above the simultaneous accusations of the ill-treated women. Mr. Blossop has apparently just come to a sudden decision that duty summons him to his wife's side, and is hurrying across the enclosure towards the scene of action.

Outside the compact crowd the mid-day sun beats down upon the wrecked cart and its fruit and vegetables lying scattered about the rubble. A number of children of both sexes, with one eye on the crowd, are succumbing to sudden temptation with remarkable dexterity. I turn from the fallen barrier and hail a green omnibus emerging unsteadily into the main road from an unaccustomed side-street.

INGLIS ALLEN.

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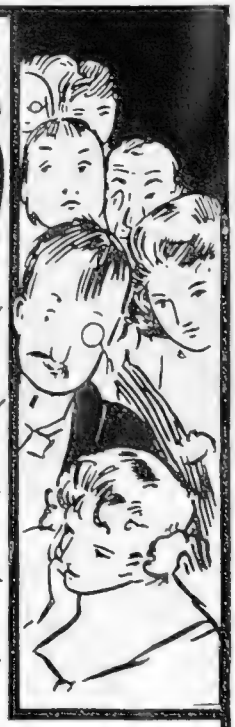

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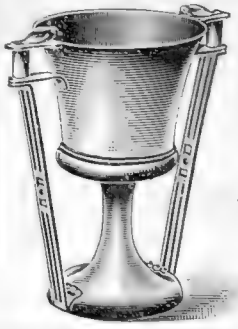

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## KIND THOUGHTS

# PARISIANA:

"I was in winter quarters in my dear Lutetia; thus do they call in Gaul the little capital of the Parisians."—*Julian.*

## AT THE FÊTE OF THE LION OF BELFORT

By John F. Macdonald

WITH CARICATURES BY "YAK"

Sedan fell, and Metz fell, and Strasburg fell, and other heroic strongholds fell,—but Belfort was still untaken upon the signing of the Armistice, and stands to-day the only Alsatian town remaining to the French.

So, in patriotic Paris, a monument to Belfort.

To view it, you must come over to the left bank of the Seine, and hunt out the Rue Denfert Rochereau, and then, perhaps, it would be as well to ask a policeman for The Lion. No reason to say which particular lion; no need to fear that the policeman will think you are in quest of living lions, and send you off to the Jardin des Plantes. Only one lion counts! Only one lion is worth beholding and admiring:—the Belfort lion, who sits crouched on a massive pedestal in the midst of a spacious square; proud, dignified, and imposing, with a noble mane and a handsome tail, superbly modelled, and of the purest and most solid bronze. Alone in the middle of the square, looking straight before him. Alone in the middle of the square: a splendid isolation! Thus, all alone, for eleven months of the year; but when the twelfth month dawns—well, then caravans and roundabouts and swings and shooting-galleries and menageries surround The Lion, and gas and electricity and torches blaze about him, and thousands of Parisians turn his square into a playground, and make a place of rendez-vous, and also a common lounging place, of his pedestal.

On the pigs, round and round, go the revellers in a cloud of dust and confetti, entangled in the many-coloured ribbons of paper serpentines which have been gaily launched at them by the spectators

### A Maddening Fête

A fête, in fact—and probably noiser and more animated than the amazing fêtes of Montmartre, St. Cloud, and Neuilly. The whole square given up to it, and the tenants of the houses round about it victims, martyrs to the fête for thirty days and thirty nights. No peace for a month! Heavens, how nerves must leap and what oaths must be uttered in all those houses; and how fists must be shaken at the roundabouts and swings and shooting-galleries, and at all the other many "attractions" that keep the poor householders so unwillingly awake! They would sleep—but are not allowed to sleep. They would read and write and work,—but just listen to the organs of the roundabouts. Fancy a fête on a London square, for thirty days and thirty nights! Why, I believe the London householders would open fire upon such a fair, and reduce it in no time to mere wreckage. However, our particular householders only shake their fists at the crowded, noisy square. They are Parisians: and Parisians, with all their excitability, with all their passion, are, as a matter of fact, the most patient and tolerant people in the universe.

### The Whirligig

Well, a fearful din around The Lion. Ten o'clock at night, and the fête in full swing: with the roundabouts going, the menagerie-proprietors shouting at the crowd from their platforms, the shooting-galleries emitting sharp reports, the pedlars blowing their whistles and trumpets, and other pedlars loudly calling upon us to buy confetti, serpentines, and medals, and portraits of The Lion. Thousands of Parisians — mothers, fathers, and their children; servant girls and shop-boys and old, old people who are for ever telling how they "assisted" at the Belfort fête thirty years ago—thousands of Parisians, I say, rejoicing in this playground. Stout M. Duval, forty years of age at least and heaven knows how many stone in weight, is as excited as a schoolboy. But everyone here is young, ridiculously young—for everyone visits the menageries, and has a turn on the roundabouts, and tries to win prizes of a vase or

half-a-bottle of champagne (marked "very nice dry") from the shooting-galleries.

### Twelve Roundabouts at Once

Quite a dozen roundabouts, monstrous affairs, worked by machinery, which send forth clouds of steam and emit piercing whistles. And each roundabout has an organ, called magnificently "Musique à grande orchestre"; and all the roundabouts and organs are going at once, and so it happens that we get simultaneously the chaotic strains of the "Stars and Stripes," the "Marseillaise," the "Valse Bleue," "Viens poupoule," the valse from "Faust," a polka, a march, and other favourite melodies. But, the roundabouts do not consist only of wooden horses. These are original, enterprising roundabouts—for they give us pigs, and ostriches, and tigers, and swans and camels, and dear gazelles to ride upon. The pigs—stout pink and white creatures—are the most popular. On the pigs, round and round, go the revellers, in a cloud of dust and confetti, entangled in the many-coloured ribbons of paper serpentines which have been gaily launched at them by the spectators. After the pigs, the ostriches, the dear gazelles; and then, as one feels a little giddy, a pause before one of the menageries, where huge canvasses portray the wildest of wild beasts gambolling with their tamer, and where a rough-looking fellow is bellowing on the platform.

A rough-looking fellow is telling us that we may behold the amazing hero, Eugene Bellon, for the small sum of ten centimes

### Lion Taming and the Cake-walk

In the hoarsest of voices he is telling us that we may behold that amazing hero, Eugène Bellon, who was recently mauled by a tiger, in the midst of all his ferocious animals, for the small sum of ten centimes. Behind him, is a frowsy, weird-looking girl, performing a cake-walk; and behind her, in a pay-box, is a lady with much sham jewellery and many limp white feathers, who is waiting for our money. More music at this menagerie: dreadful brass instruments in the large dirty hands of three men, who sit at the far end of the platform. And music at the other menageries. And then, music before the show of a tribe of wrestlers. And again, music before the home of the bearded lady. Music, music, everywhere; and all this sweet, melodious music for thirty nights and thirty days.

### Alas! the Poor Householder

Sympathetically, I look up at the windows of the houses. The shutters have been pulled to; but the thickest shutters in the world could not keep out the din. And I picture the householders walking up and down their rooms in desperation, and wringing their hands, and holding their heads, and moaning; and I also picture to myself the dark rims under their poor tired eyes, and other tragic symbols of long sleepless nights. Alas, my householders; and alas, too, my Lion. It is one o'clock in the morning, but the fête continues. And no one thinks of you, my householders; and no one appears to respect you, my Lion. Against your pedestal, loll idlers, smoking and gossipping. And what is that I behold? Veritable vandalism! Some miscreant has wound a paper serpentine around our noble Lion's tail, and placed an empty beer-bottle between his paws.

# "The Bystander" Weather Forecast

*ILLUSTRATED*

CHRISTMAS DAY

# Hunting in the Holidays

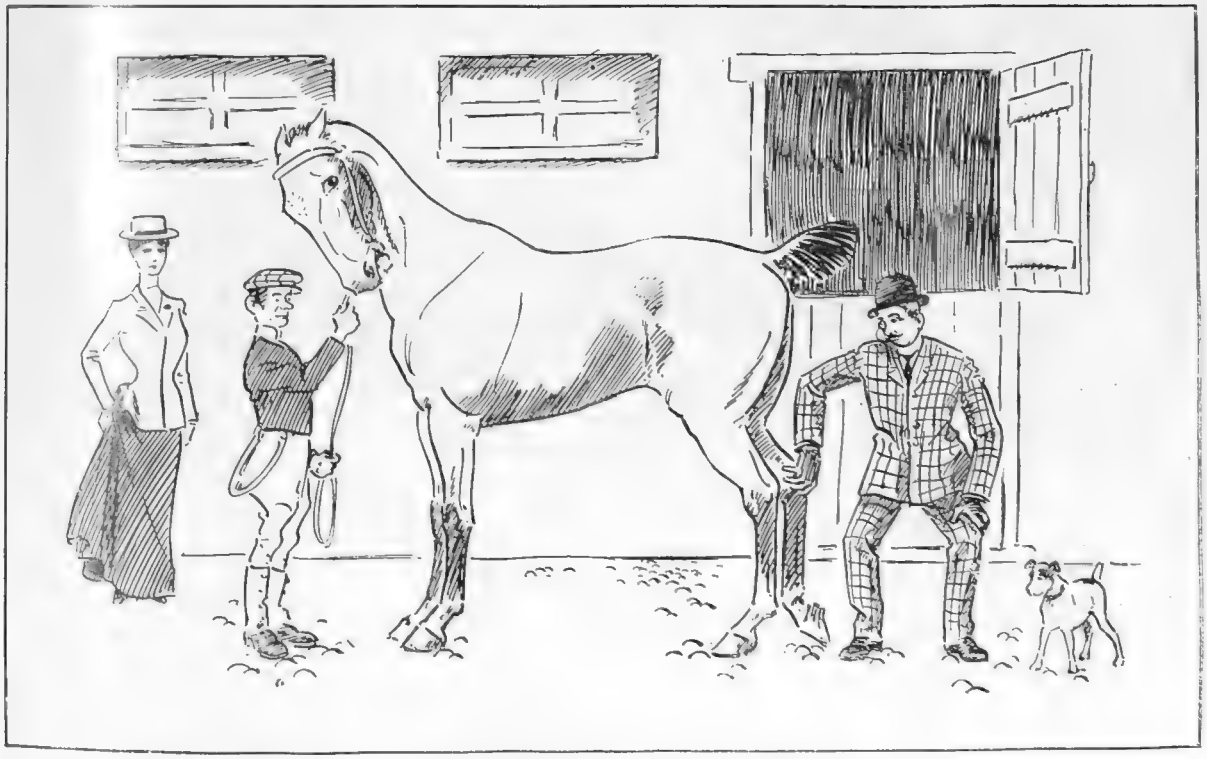
## BY SEVERAL 'STEEMED CORRESPONDENTS

**The Master's Point of View**

To be consistent with the character of curmudgeon that is, doubtless, ascribed to me by my country, I suppose I ought to say that I detest the Christmas holidays, and almost hope it will freeze. As a matter of fact, I do nothing of the kind, though, of course, the festive season cannot pass by without a few moments of ire on my part, and the reception of condign reproof by certain unconscious transgressors. Fortunately, as far as my staff is concerned, I am now quite free from solicitude on the temperance question, and I fancy most of my fellow-masters will pay the same tribute to the tendencies of the times. But it was not always so; well do I remember that terrible old huntsman that I started with. Among other failings, Tom was not averse from conviviality, and, after three weeks of indifferent sport in November, some of the farmers bet him a turkey, etc., that he would not kill a fox in the month before Christmas. Two days before the latter date, Tom, who was well in with the keepers, got possession of a three-legger, and the ignominious undoing of the wretched animal in my favourite covert is only eclipsed, as regards unpleasant memories, by the bout with which the deed was followed. After all, the holiday-making element is soon done with when hounds really run, whilst, as for the youngsters, it is always a pleasure to see keen ones coming on. The spring captains and those steeplechase fellows qualifying do much more active hard: and I am sure I shall not lose my temper this Christmas anything like I did in the cub-hunting time with that man from town, who would smoke cigars all over the coverts, and whose horse kicked half my young entry.

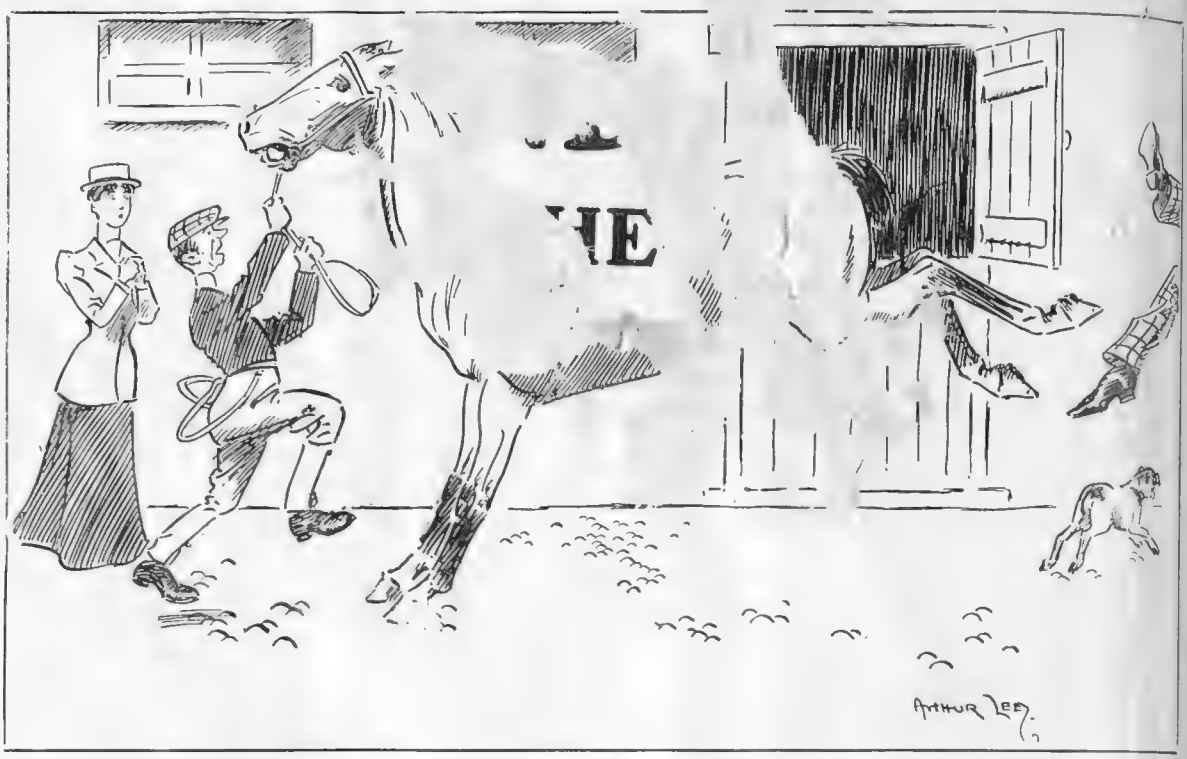
**The Huntsman's**

I hope this nasty frost as we have now is not going to last over Christmas, or come on again after it's broke up, that's just as bad. You'd be surprised what difference an open Christmas makes to us men, you would indeed, for if it's freezing then, well gents seem to forget one like later on. To be sure, there are difficulties, crowds and all that, and some of these stockbroking gents a riding in one's pocket, so to say. Then there's all the shooting, a nuisance that is. My word, how one of the syndicate gents did swear when we ran through Cropdale Copse last Boxing Day. "You're spoiling our sport," he says, "it's too bad, we shan't get no pheasants now," says he, and a lot more as I can't write down. "Well," says I, "there's a mistake." "Mistake," says another gent, "I call it disgusting discourtesy." "Beg pardon," says I, "it won't be all our fault if you have a poor day. Your keeper's made a muddle of it, and is beating the wood away from you instead of *to* you. I see them beating out the lower end just as I come along, and all the game going out like philaloo." Well, as I was saying, I hope we'll have plenty of sport this Christmas, and as it won't freeze, though even if we are stopped, one has a more easy time of it to enjoy



In Search of a Christmas Mount: "Are his hind legs sound?"

[FOR SEQUEL SEE OVER]




In Search of a Christmas Mount: "Lor! yes, Sir"

yourself. Come to think of it, I've only had one real bad Christmas, when I was along with the Major down in the Hardstow country. The Major, you see, he hadn't got it, that was how it was; if he'd got it he'd have been liberal enough with his money. But his second season, bless you, the bailiffs were never off the premises, and when Christmas come there was three of them there. One of them wasn't half a bad chap though, that he wasn't; of course, I kidded them with all sorts of yarns, no good it wasn't though. Poor Major, he's dead now; I never did see a better man with his fists, and that vulpecide of a keeper down next the kennels won't forget it, neither.

**"Our Special Correspondent's"**

In the Mudshaw country, Yuletide anticipations are of the most blithesome character, it being an open secret that at the principal seats within the precincts of this celebrated Hunt profuse hospitality will be dispensed during the festive season. A brilliant company will assemble at Tinsworth Abbey, and the coverts, which are copiously stocked with fur and feather, will be thoroughly investigated for three successive days, the *battue* being immediately followed by a "meet" of the hounds at Mr. Salmstein's princely mansion. It being generally understood that a "find" is assured, a goodly throng of sportsmen may be expected, the constitution of a record being by no means beyond the realms of probability. Verily Mr. Salmstein may be justly asserted to have imposed the coping stone on the dissipation of the absurd hypothesis that it is impossible for foxes and pheasants to co-exist together in amity. Though it were sheer hyperbole to asseverate that the present season stands out by itself as productive of unequalled runs, several superb scurries have been participated in by large fields of riders, concluding, in the majority of cases, with the discomfiture of reynard. I am informed on the highest authority that our worthy M.F.H. has, with his invariable tact and affability, accepted the invitation of the Mayor and Corporation of Pewterbury to bring his unrivalled "pack" for a "meet" in the market-place on New Year's Day, so that, given only favourable meteorological conditions, the infant year will be inaugurated in fitting fashion. *On dit*, moreover, that the likelihood of the district sustaining several visits from Sir B. Tankard's magnificent staghounds is by no means remote. We may be permitted to briefly remark that an opportunity of emulating the prowess in the field of the popular baronet and his merry men will be eagerly welcomed.

**The Secretary's**

Christmas contributions presumably ought to be, like the racks in railway carriages, confined to light articles only, but I cannot say there is anything light about me, except the Hunt balance at the bank. And now comes this confounded frost, and the guarantors will be looking anxious. My chief professes to like Christmas; he probably does, as he is good enough to leave all the trouble of fixing up the meets to his hon. sec., and he knows the money's safe enough. How on earth we can manage three days the week after next with all this shooting going on I cannot imagine, and if I complain, all I get from the chief is taunts about shooting at Stuffbury on the day hounds were having the run of the season. But I have not time to set down my full and candid opinion of the so-called holidays and their bearing on fox-hunting; rather let me send out another general whip-round, or I don't quite see where that monkey that's due on the 21st instant is to come from.

[*Want of space compels us to hold over the remainder of our valued contributor's letter.—Editor*, Bystander.]

## 50 Years Ago

was the time of the crinoline skirt and the "old-fashioned English Winter." At that time "Van Houten's Cocoa" had been in use for more than 30 years, and was known to be the finest of all cocoas; to-day it is the standard cocoa of the world, acknowledged alike by cocoa experts and consumers as THE BEST. It is an ideal winter beverage, no matter whether it is frosty, damp, or muggy; for it not only contains all the constituents necessary for building up the body and furnishing strength and energy, but is as delicious as it is healthful. You cannot beat the "best" and the best beverage for regular family use is

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**Cheap Motoring**

I have lately received a letter from a fair lady, making enquiries as to what make of motor is cheapest to run. I answered her question to the best of my ability, and, no doubt, she has, by this time, purchased the light car I mentioned. Since writing to her, however, a still cheaper method has occurred to me, viz., to remain in the about-to-buy-a-motor stage—be about to buy, until cars reach perfection; meanwhile, you go, of course, to all the shows, try all the dealers' cars, and especially will you accept an invitation from a friend. The economy of this method of motoring places it within the reach of all. The outlay on a four-cylinder car, its upkeep, and the wages of a chauffeur, need not figure in the list of expenses—all you really want is a good pair of goggles and a warm coat. Much depends, however, upon the tact and conversational methods of the guest, and upon these I purpose offering a few hints.

**Don't Time your Friend's Car**

Some knowledge should be displayed by occupants of the tonneau as to the running and speed of cars; but, should your host turn to you, and remark that "She is now doing thirty miles per hour," you should quickly reply, "At least." Whatever you do, don't time him with a stop-watch. Watches—especially police watches—are distasteful to motorists; they are, besides, notoriously inaccurate. In your case, too, you might find that the car was only doing twenty-seven miles per hour! If the car you are patronising happens, despite all the efforts of your host, to be passed by a faster car, soothe his wounded feelings by remarking, "How foolish it is to turn the roads into racing tracks!" On the other hand, when you pass a car, mistake it, if possible, for a high-powered car, and congratulate the owner on his skill in handling. If he looks after his car himself, express admiration at his possessing the requisite knowledge and capacity. Should he have a chauffeur, say that you cannot understand how anyone can like being an engineer on Sundays.

**The road approaching the Hut Hotel, Wisley**
The roadway is all that divides the famous "Hut" from the lake

**A fine stretch of road between Cobham and Wisley on the Ripley Road**
On each side is a typical Surrey common, with its heather and pine trees

**Skating on Wisley Mere, Surrey**
This fine lake, which covers twenty-eight acres, is approached from the Hut Hotel, three miles from Cobham. It is an ideal place to run down to by motor for an afternoon's skating, being just twenty-one miles from London, and away from railway stations

**Treat the "Average" Kindly**

Your host will probably, in an off-hand way, ask for an opinion on his driving—this is your opportunity. Tell him he drives very well, but that he has one fault—he is too daring. No matter how careful a driver he may be, and how small the power of the car—he will be mightily pleased by this. While displaying a certain knowledge of motors don't offer to assist in the case of a breakdown or a puncture, especially the latter; mending a tyre is a messy, unattractive job. Many other little points which tend to make you a desirable passenger will suggest themselves, and I will conclude with a hint upon "time." Supposing you left London, for Brighton, at a quarter to eleven, and you reached the Métropole Hotel at seven minutes past one. During lunch a friend strolls up and asks how long it took to come down; say at once that you started at eleven and arrived at one. The owner will

not contradict. It helps the average speed—the miles per hour. All motorists wo s average and disregard odd fract[illegible] of [illegible] The same with regard to delay [illegible] skill of the repairer is in q[illegible]n, an[illegible] be replaced in twenty minutes, but when it comes to deducting time to find out the avera[illegible]e speed per hour, that puncture took forty minutes -just a li[illegible]e tact—you will be asked again—for one cannot enjo a drive without guests—but the motorist is a sensitive mortal, and will choose those who flatter his car.

**The Open Road**

This Christmas number, the Editor tells me, is to be free from motor technicalities—no mention of side-slip, lubrication, sparking plugs, or clutches, must burden its pages; even police traps are to wait. Looking for a subject that is, and yet is not, of the motor, my thoughts turned to the hard high road—the rolling riband of the road. Population increases, the nation expands; but the roads remain the same—ill-adapted to our present-day needs, still they are full of charm. In their windings and their climbings they have a beauty that is all their own. No one perhaps has better expressed the strong grip that the road has upon observant wayfarers than Walt Whitman. Penned years ago, before even the days of cycling, his "Song of the Open Road" so well expresses the joys of motoring that it

hat the author of that poem never day car. Altering the first word Awheel," I give a few of his lines hristmas card.

I take to the open road,
before me,
re me leading wherever I choose.
d fortune, I myself am good fortune.
no more, postpone no more, need

h indoor complaints, offices, querulous criticisms,
Song and content, I travel the open road.

. . . . . .

The earth expanding right hand and left hand,
The picture alive, every part in its best light.
The cheerful voice of the public road—the gay, fresh sentiment of the road.

. . . . . .

I inhale great draughts of space.
The east and west are mine, and the north and the south are mine.

. . . . . .

And a few more lines in the same poem which might be spoken by the very spirit of motoring:

The earth never tires.
The earth is wide, silent, incomprehensible at first.
Be not discouraged, keep on, there are divine things well envelop'd.
I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful than words can tell.
Allons! Whoever you are, come travel with me.
Travelling with me you find what never tires.

Alfred C. Hunter

**CORRECTED PROV S**

**"It's a wise child that know own father"**

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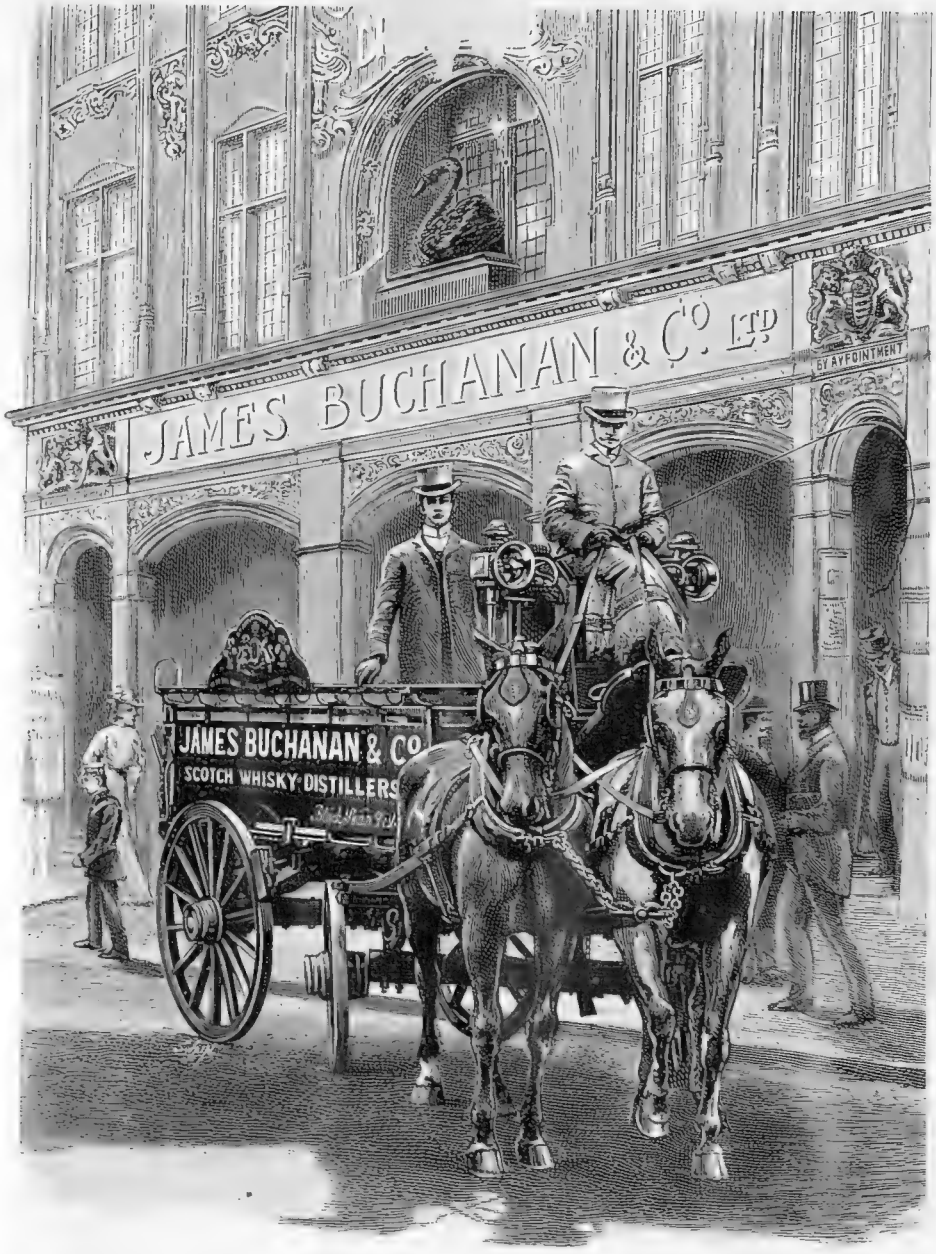


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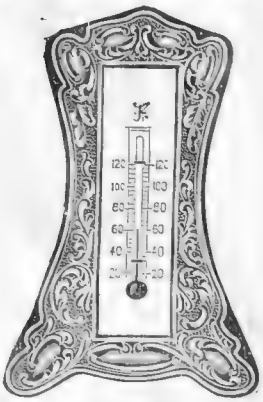

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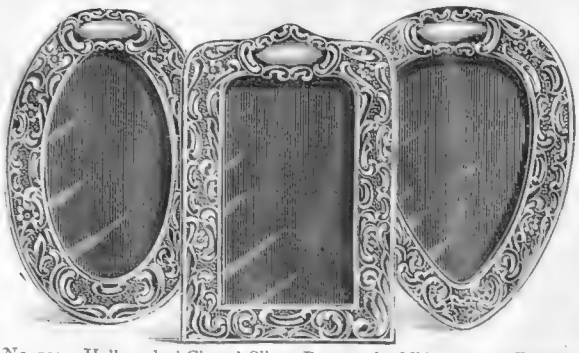

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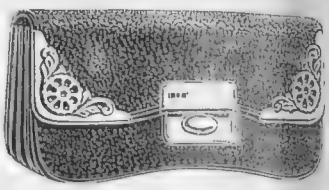
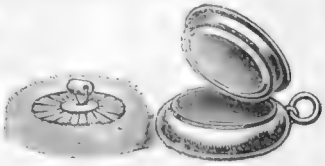
No. 792.—Hall-marked Chased Silver Perpetual **Calendar.** 3⅜ ins. high, **2/II**



No. 836.—Smart **Morocco Leather Purse.** Hall-marked Silver Corners. Size 4½ by 2½. **I/II½** Worth double

No. 821.—Silver-plated **Sweet Tray, 1/6**



No. 732.—Hall-marked Solid Silver **Puff Box** for Chatelaine. With Puff and Mirror in Lid. Plain, **5/6** Chased, **6/6** Hammered, **6/9**

No. 841.—Lady's **Purse and Card Case** combined. Hall-marked Silver Corners. In Green, Red, Violet, and Navy Blue, **3/II** Ditto, without Silver Corners, **2/II**

No. 956.—Gentleman's 24-in. **Tan Hide Suit Case,** Lined Leather, Fitted Hall-marked Silver-mounted Toilet Bottles & Real Ebony Brushes, &c. **£4 18 6**

No. 835.—Lady's **Morocco Wrist Bag,** in Red or Green, **3/6** Larger size, **3/II**

No. 797.—Hall-marked Silver **Photo Frames.**

| Size | 2⅞ by 2⅝ | 3⅝ by 3⅜ |
|---|---|---|
| | 1⅞ sight | 2½ sight |
| | **I/II½** | **2/II** |

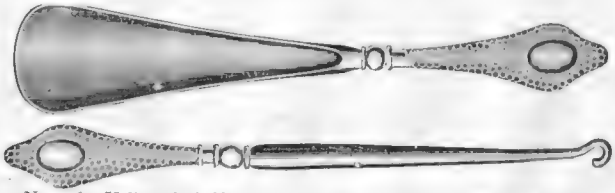
No. 712.—Hall-marked Silver **Inkstand,** with Glass Lining. Diameter of base, 3 ins. **8/II**

No. 744.—Hall-marked Silver-mounted **Scent Bottles.** Hinged Tops. Size 3½ ins. **6/6,** 4 ins. **7/6,** 4½ ins. **9/6,** 5 ins. **10/II**

No. 801.—Hall-marked Solid Silver **Billiard Chalk Case,** fitted with Chalk, **2/6**

No. 831.—Silver-plated **Fern Pot, 1/6** Special value

No. 759.—**Watch Paper Weight.** Reliable timekeeper. Special value, **7/6;** as usually sold 10/6



No. 746.—Hall-marked Silver-mounted **Shoe Lift and Button Hook.** Hammered or Chased. Length 6 ins. **2/II** per pair

No. 703.—Hall-marked Silver-mounted **Salts Bottle, 2/9**

# The "Wall" Game at Eton

## COLLEGERS v. OPPIDANS ON ST. ANDREW'S DAY: ANOTHER DRAWN GAME

Stripping for the game

As is usual on St. Andrew's Day, the "Wall" game was played at Eton between Collegers and Oppidans. This is the sixty-third year that the game has been played, ending, on this occasion, in a draw of no score to either side, and adding another to the long list of indecisive results.

"Wall" is a development of passage-footer, a game played in the corridors of the Eton houses by boys in slippers with a soft ball.

The game was found to be so alluring that they decided to play it out of doors, and so it became an institution of the College. It is, perhaps, only Old Etonians who take a lively interest in "Wall," and understand the play. It would certainly look like a lively scramble, of no purpose, to the uninitiated.

The game is played alongside a wall 120 yards long. At right angles to the wall, at one end, is another short wall, with a door in it, four feet wide, while at the other end stands a large elm tree. The door and the tree form the two goals. Parallel to the wall is a boundary line cut in the turf, leaving a space of about six yards. About ten yards from either end of the wall a white chalk line is drawn on the wall. The space within this line at the door end is known as "good calx," and at the other end as "bad calx."

Oppidans trying to kick into "calx"

Without attempting to go into technicalities, it may be briefly stated that the game is played by eleven players on each side. They are as follow: Three called "walls," two "seconds," one "third," one "fourth," one "line," one "flying man," one "long behind," and one "goal." The "walls" play in sweaters, padded at the back, and with sleeves of rough canvas to protect them from getting scratched by contact with the wall, and have large caps to fit over the head and ears.

The game is begun by a "bully" in the centre of the wall. The ball is placed between the feet of two opposing "walls"; then the players begin to shove and push with all their might to get the ball into their opponent's "calx."

A point is scored by getting a goal or a shy. A goal (which is rarely scored) can be obtained from any part of the play; a shy only in "calx." A goal outweighs any number of shies. The contest this year, though of indecisive result, proved most exciting, and attracted a large attendance, which included, besides many old Etonians, Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck.

A "bully" being broken up

# The Mono-Rail for London?

*Photo by* *Topical Agency*

**The only suspended Mono-Railway in the World, at Elberfeld, Rhenish Prussia**

This railway is to be taken as a model for the proposed new railway which is to join the East-End and West-End of London, by utilising the course of the Regent's Canal, which runs from Stepney, by way of Victoria Park, Hackney, Shoreditch, Islington, Camden Town, and Regent's Park to Paddington, where it joins the Grand Junction Canal. Mr. C. T. Yerkes is the projector of the scheme

It can no longer be brought against London, the world's metropolis, that she is behind the other great cities of the world in her street locomotion. The tramway systems of such progressive capitals as New York, Paris, and Brussels do not begin to compare with those recently inaugurated by the London County Council, either in comfort or elegance, and there is little to choose between them in the matter of speed. Certainly in no other city in the world has underground locomotion made such vigorous strides as in London, and the result is that, with all its suburbs spreading irregularly for many miles in every direction, London is becoming one of the most compact of the world's capitals. But there is yet another scheme on foot which has for its object a connecting link between East and West London, by means of an overhead railway running along the course of the Regent's Canal. The cars will run along one rail, and will be suspended from it in the same manner as those shown in our illustration, which is from a photograph of a similar railway already running between Vorwinkel, Elberfeld, and Barmen, in Rhenish Prussia. One good thing may be said of the project — it will not be a further eyesore to the streets (the trolley-car posts are quite sufficient for conservative tastes), since it will only meet them at bridges, which it will pass under, so that æsthetic oppositions should be few. One looks forward eagerly to a ride along the Regent's Canal by night. With a good deal of imagination (for Regent's Canal architecture is somewhat depressing, whether east or west), one might be able to bring the joys of moonlit Venice within the reach of a tram ride. We understand that Mr. C. T. Yerkes, the electrifier of the Metropolitan Railway, is the originator of the project.

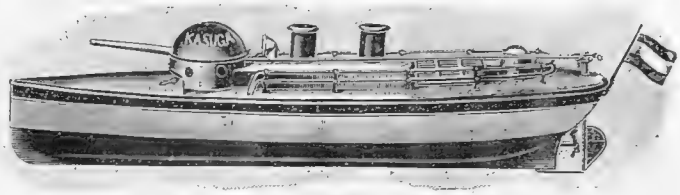
# CHARLES MORRELL'S

GRAND EXHIBITION OF

# Christmas Toys & Games

## 368 & 370, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

**THE COLLEGE BOY.**
Correctly dressed, grey trousers, black coat and waistcoat, walking stick, &c. 17in. high.
Price 12/6. Box and [illegible]

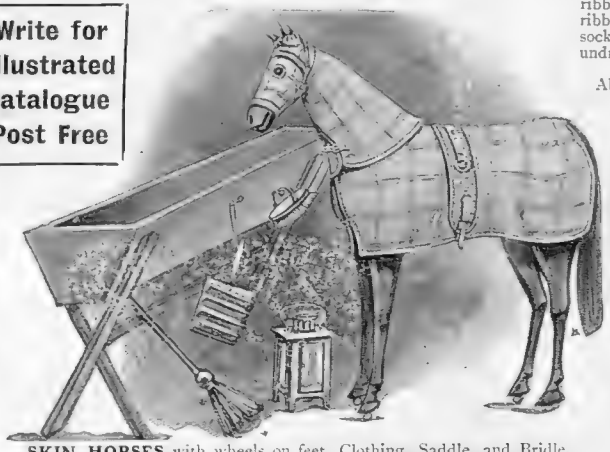


**AUTOMATIC FIRING GUN BOAT.**
When the clockwork has been wound up and the gun charged with a small paper cap, it can be placed on the water, and will sail straight ahead for some distance, then it will suddenly fire a shot as though attacking the enemy, automatically changing its course and steering back to the starting place.
10in. long, with 1 gun, price **6/6**; 14½in. long, with 1 gun, price **10/6**;
10½in. long, with 2 guns firing at intervals, price **14/6**

**PRETTY DOLL.**
Dressed white wool dress and coatee, edged blue silk and trimmed blue ribbon, bonnet to match with blue ribbon and forget-me-nots, white socks and boots, underlinen, &c., to undress. 17in. high. Price **14/6**; box and postage 1/-
Also smaller sizes, **7/6, 5/9, 5/6**

**Write for Illustrated Catalogue Post Free**

**MORRELL'S LATEST NOVELTY.**
An elegant Present for a Baby. Consisting of a Hoop, [illegible] with Velvet, upon which there is a varied [illegible]tment of small Baby Toys, tied with colour[illegible]d ribbons *as illustrated* above.
Size 15 by 15 in.
Price 10/6 in box; postage 6d. extra.
[illegible]letter—**15/6, 21/-, 25/-**



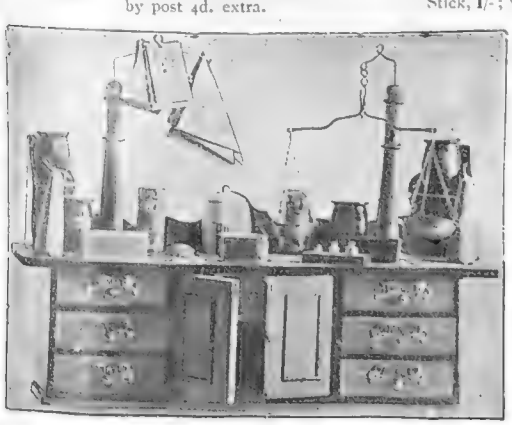
**SKIN HORSES** with wheels on feet, Clothing, Saddle, and Bridle.
Price **8/6, 10/6, 12/6, 17/6,** and **25/6**
**SKIN HORSES ON WOOD STANDS,** with Saddle, &c.
Prices **2/6, 3/6, 4/9, 6/6, 7/9, 9/6, 12/6, 15/6, 18/6, 22/6, 27/6**
**HORSE TROUGHS,** with Stable Accessories, **3/-, 4/-, 6/-**

**MORRELL'S SANTA CLAUS STOCKINGS.**
Filled with Toys and small Novelties, at **5/6, 7/6, 10/6, 12/6, 15/-, 21/-.** When ordering it is necessary to state if for Boy or Girl, and their age.

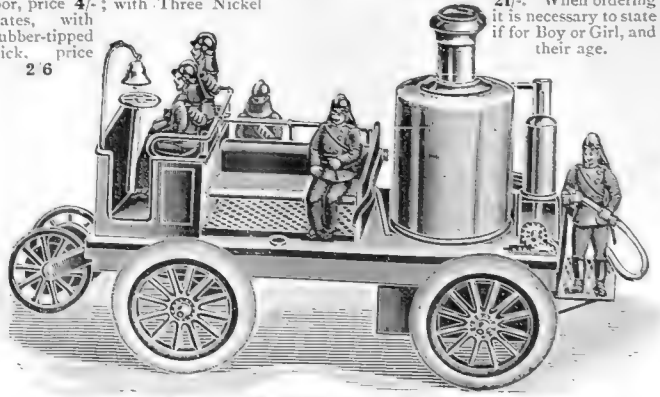
**CHILDREN'S TYPEWRITERS.**
Print direct on the paper from rubber type, easily operated, teaches them to spell and frame sentences and gives endless amusement. Price **21/-**; by post 3 extra. Smaller sizes at **12/6** and **7/-**; by post 4d. extra.

**ORDER EARLY**

**Latest Novelty.**
**THE SPINNING PLATES.**
These Metal Plates or Tops are painted various colours, spun on floor or table by means of a special stick supplied. A game can be played if two or more sets are used. Price, with Two Plates and Stick, **1/-**; with Three Plates and Stick, **1/9**; with Four Plates of graduated sizes and Long Stick, suitable for playing on floor, price **4/-**; with Three Nickel Plates, with Rubber-tipped Stick, price **2/6**



**GROCERY COUNTERS.**
Fitted with Drawers, Shelves, Scales, and various Packages, Bottles, Tin Canisters, &c., in several patterns.
Prices **11/6, 14/6, 16/6, 21/, 30/,** to **63/-**



**NEW MOTOR FIRE ENGINE (Clockwork).**
With Figures, Hose, Wheel, Bell, Rubber Tyres, to run straight or in a circle, with reversing gear, either to drive the Wheels or the Pump, at **14/6, 18/6**

# CHRISTMAS AT THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE BRIGHTON

*THE FINEST AND MOST LUXURIOUS MARINE HOTEL IN THE WORLD*

## Special Programme of Entertainments for Xmas, including:

CINDERELLA DANCE ON CHRISTMAS EVE
SACRED VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT ON CHRISTMAS DAY
BALL ON BOXING NIGHT and
CINDERELLA DANCE ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

*Telegraphic Address. "Métropole, Brighton"*

**Gordon Hotels, Limited**

# Wintering at Brighton

I had never been to Brighton during the Christmas season before, and only once in the summer for a week-end. My companion had. We met at the Métropole, where I had arrived, and was installed in my room, just one hour and twenty minutes after leaving Victoria, thanks to the excellent service provided by the L.B. and S.C.R. I was just lounging in the Métropole smoking-room until the dinner bell rang, when in bustled the man whom I have called my companion. As a matter of fact, I had never met him before, but in less than ten minutes we had fraternised in the most amicable manner. He was from Liverpool.

"Rather a distressing journey, Liverpool to Brighton?" I remarked, inquiringly.

"Oh, dear, no!" he said, quite cheerily. "Merely a six-hour journey."

"But don't you have to change about a good deal from one train into another?"

"I used to have to do so. But, as I was coming to Brighton, I could put up with that. But all that is changed. This morning I left Liverpool at 11.5, by the through express service, and I landed in Brighton this evening at 5.10. I should have been here at 5.5, but it was a trifle foggy Willesden way."

"Willesden way?" I ejaculated. "What on earth were you doing there?"

"Well, you see, my train ran from Liverpool to Willesden in the usual way on the "North-Western,"

*Photo by* *Photochrom Co.*

**Taking the sun in December at Brighton**

when, instead of going to Euston, it went by way of Addison Road, joined the "London, Brighton" at Clapham Junction, and shortly afterwards we were at Horsham, and running through some of the loveliest scenery in Sussex."

"Staying long?" I asked. We were sworn friends by this time, for there was something in the Liverpudlian's manner that I liked.

"Over Christmas," he said.

. . . .

"Let me show you something of Brighton as I know it," said my companion, hailing a carriage as we emerged from the Métropole after breakfast next morning. We jumped in and were driven rapidly along what I now maintain to be the finest three-mile promenade in England. On the one hand the sea, bathed in glorious sunlight, the breeze just breaking it into a gentle ripple; on the other hand, groups of magnificent residences, with well-kept gardens and lawns in front of them; carriages rapidly passing up and down,

*Photo by* *Photochrom Co.*

**King's Road, Brighton, on a typical winter morning**

with ladies in gay attire, accompanied by well-groomed men; shops with brightly decorated windows. The whole scene was one of movement, and gave one a feeling of vigour. And such a breeze!

"Would you like a walk this afternoon?" said the man from Liverpool.

"I'm yours entirely," I replied, "if you can show me Brighton as enjoyably as this."

After lunch, another carriage was commissioned, and we speedily arrived at Black Rock, whence we walked over the Downs to Rottingdean. I was a trifle cold after the ride, as my companion had advised me to leave my overcoat at the hotel. After reaching the top of the cliff, we left the roadway, and walked along the green sward which fringes the edge of the cliff. Here the full force of the breeze could be felt, and I expanded my chest and drew in great draughts of it. I took longer strides, and rose on the ball of my foot at each step to thrust myself forward in my walk.

"After this, the Riviera is only fit for old maids," jocularly remarked my companion.

Now the Riviera has a warm place in my heart, for I've spent many pleasant winters there, yet at the moment I did not feel like asserting its claims.

Altogether, that first day was one of the days of my life. My companion was a cheerful talker, and he knew his Brighton, not only the Brighton of King Road, but the Brighton of the narrow streets, and footways which Richard Jefferies says were put there not to walk upon, but to keep the carts from scraping the houses as they passed. That winter spent at Brighton, with its glorious air and its sunlight, I shall never forget, and, in case my companion of that time chances to see this, I herewith send him my thanks, which, in the fever of enjoyment, were, perhaps, rather scantily expressed.

# FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Temperament is the—well, anything tantalising you can think of. Certainly our English temperaments are undergoing a radical alteration, and it will be interesting to observe—should the meteorological prophecies prove correct, and the winter be a hard one—how the fashionable world will support the arctic departure.

We have all talked glibly enough about the need of the good old-fashioned winter—a thought that always seems mentally to crystallise itself into a picture of a snowy landscape, peppered with robins—but now that this is actually upon us, the pampered ones of the earth are disposed to turn their inclinations earlier than usual to the blue of the Mediterranean, and to contemplate, in lingering anticipation, the seeming warmth of the Promenade des Anglaise at Nice, or the Terrace at Monte Carlo; a fine justification for this attitude being found in the fact that hunting will be at a stand-still. And, in the opinion of a very large percentage, you might as well be dead as not hunt from November to February. There is skating and curling and golf, bridge all day long if you like, and a hundred other possible pursuits; but these are poor, miserable philanderings to the ardent pursuer of the fox. These poor deprived souls refuse to be comforted, and it is quite too much to expect that they will take into consideration the law of averages, and balance this first attempt at a real wintry Christmas against the past five or six green ones, which, as the old adage tells us, spells a fat churchyard.

An Evening Gown of White Taffeta and Lace
(See page 676)

Discussing the various demi-toilettes, amiably displayed to us in the cause of these few notes, Ambrosine agrees there cannot be two opinions as to the value of long lines effected in ribbon velvet, lace—plain or embroidered—sequin or jetted lace, alike falling under this influence, the feeling throughout being always *princesse*.

### The Advent of the Demi-Toilette

Every opportunity, also, will be given us over here for becoming expert in building up a *décolletage* to the throat, for the high restaurant and theatre dress, which has assuredly come to make history. This is an accepted factor in the modistic scheme of things, and chiffon velours is fighting in gentle rivalry with the above-mentioned striped velvet confections, for the privilege of creating it. Grey and a delicate *marron* are the two favourite shades in fashionable approval, and no words can fully describe the adorable lights and shimmer of these delicate tints, in the new velvet of *souple* quality. The women who can carry off to a thoroughly successful issue the all-grey evening toilette, will assuredly achieve a triumph, and, in this particular direction, we would once again remind you of the decorative detail of grey *dentelle*.

Reverting to the demi-toilette corsage, a departure to be remarked is the over-lapping of the added

(Continued on page 676)

# The 'Allenburys' Foods.

MOTHER AND CHILD.
*Baby, 6½ months of age. Fed from birth on the 'Allenburys' Foods.*

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management
(48 pages) free on request.

## The 'Allenburys' Foods.

The Milk Foods closely approximate in composition to human Milk, the natural and therefore best nourishment for the young infant.

They are as easy of digestion as maternal milk, and provide a perfect diet for the formation of firm flesh and strong bones.

The Milk Foods are absolutely free from any noxious germs, and hence are far superior to cow's milk as obtained in towns, especially in the summer time.

No diarrhœa, digestive or stomach troubles need be feared from the use of the "Allenburys'" Foods.

The Milk Foods can be made in a moment, the addition of hot water only being necessary.

The "Allenburys'" Foods are so graduated as to provide the maximum amount of nourishment that the child is able to digest at the periods of life for which the foods are respectively recommended. For the robust and delicate they are alike suitable, and children thrive upon them as on no other diet.

| MILK FOOD No. 1. | MILK FOOD No. 2. | MALTED FOOD No. 3. |
|---|---|---|
| *From birth to 3 months.* | *From 3 to 6 months.* | *From 6 months upwards.* |

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard Street, LONDON.

United States: Niagara Falls, N.Y.
Australia: 7, Spring St. Sydney.
Canada: 66, Gerrard St. East, Toronto.
South Africa: 33, Castle St., Cape Town.

chemisette. Thus, instead of being tucked, as heretofore, within the *décolletage*, this amiable accessory is adjusted over the line, and of a consequence lends itself to various helpful, adaptable methods, and is frequently accompanied by sleevelets of an equally adjustable character. All of which, as Ambrosine suggests—with that youthful, but finely-developed sense of hers—sounds dangerously akin to "How to Dress on Nothing a Year."

So that the balance may be duly observed, let me hasten to introduce you to

**The Daintiest Evening Frock**

it has been our lot to chance upon for some time (illustrated on page 674). White mousseline taffeta is the chief ingredient, ornamented with *boullonnés* of white mousseline de soie, the skirt cut up tunic-wise over a petticoat of white lace, the lower points punctuated by Louis bows of pale blue velvet, a similar relief occurring in front of the corsage. Upon this gown, the fashionable amethyst might be disposed with a lavish hand, the modest necklace suggested by our artist being supplemented by a long rope and various ornamental brooches and garnitures.

**A group of Xmas Toys**
Photographed at Messrs. Morrell's, 368 and 370, Oxford Street

**About Christmas Presents and Where to Buy Them**

The annual riddle is upon us. How to ally the opposing forces of generous instinct and a limited allowance. Or, at any rate, allowances totally inadequate to meet the increased demands made upon them, for of late years, this luxury of giving—and let who can deny it, that to give is a luxury—has increased tenfold. The stone thrown into the water has gradually widened the circles, until there is scarcely any limit to the scope of our generosity. However, as usual, demand has created supply, and, after carefully exploiting the display of Yuletide gifts at the various large establishments, which each year devote themselves more ardently to the cult, we are disposed to grant the palm for toys to Messrs. Morrell, and for moderately priced silver-ware to Messrs. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street.


# JAS. SHOOLBRED & Co.

A very pretty and effective Evening Gown made in *Silk* Point d'Esprit, with trimmings of Silk, Lace, and Glace Ribbons.

Lined Silk throughout. Kept in stock in Black, White, Ivory, Sky Blue, and Pink, and made in any colour of *Silk* Point d'Esprit.

**£4 14s. 6d.**

**TOTTENHAM HOUSE, Tottenham Court Road, W.**

# BE ON YOUR GUARD.

Do not be led into the error of thinking that ordinary milk-foods contain the nourishment necessary to maintain health and strength. The only milk-food possessing nourishing qualities in a marked degree is

# HORLICK'S MALTED MILK.

**IT IS AN IDEAL FOOD-DRINK.**

is of delicious flavour, highly nutritious, easily digested, and contains all the elements necessary to maintain life, and requires no cooking.

THE DAILY USE OF

# HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

MEANS INCREASED HEALTH, STRENGTH, STAMINA, VIGOUR, MUSCLE, BRAIN, and NERVE POWER.

Prove the truth of these assertions by applying for a Free Sample

Horlick's Malted Milk can be obtained of all Chemists Grocers and Stores, price 1/6 and 2/6.
Sample sent free to every applicant mentioning this publication.

HORLICK'S FOOD COMPANY, 34, FARRINGDON ROAD, E.C.

# JAS. SHOOLBRED & Co.

LACE CURTAIN, MUSLIN & TABLE-COVER DEPARTMENT.

CURTAINS

BRISE BISE

SIDEBOARD COVERS

CUSHIONS

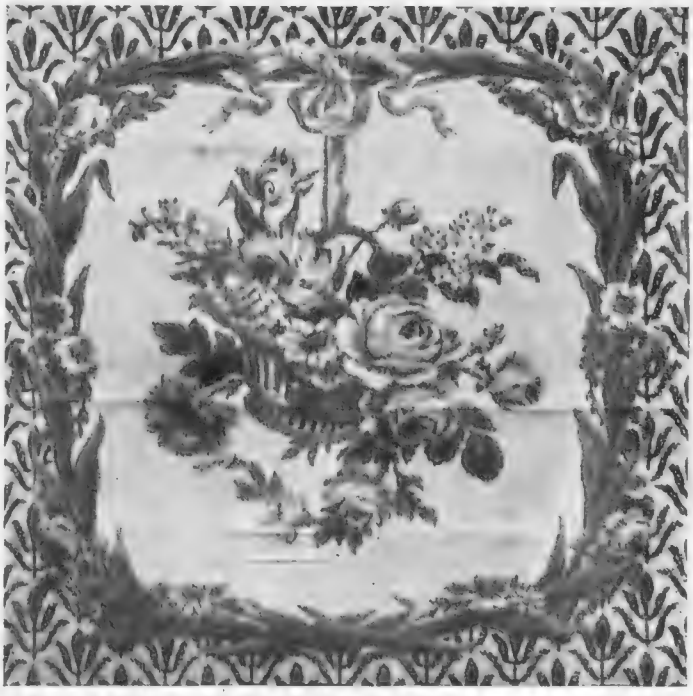


TABLE COVERS

TABLE CENTRES

WORK STANDS

CAKE STANDS

Cushion Square or Table Centre, as illustrated, 25in. square, 4/6 each.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

**At Messrs. Morrell's, 368 and 370, Oxford Street**

The display of Christmas toys at this establishment is almost without parallel. For more festive seasons than I should quite care to publicly recognise, have I been duly conducted to Mr. Morrell's, and each time have I departed therefrom with the conclusion firmly planted in my mind that this is "Toyland" *par excellence*.

Initially, Mr. Morrell never fails to strike the individual note. He does not take what he is told, but provides—and let it be said with an instinct of unerring accuracy—what he knows will take with the children. Then, again, his establishment is arranged in such a splendidly methodical manner, the toil of selection is reduced at least one half. Thus to one case is relegated all the toys suitable to "Baby," while another is exclusively devoted to dolls, and yet a third represents a miniature Maple's, with every possible furnishing and domestic detail for dolly's home. The culinary confections are most realistically appetising and up-to-date, the *casserole* craze taking our fancy immensely. Kitchens, again, there are galore, every size, sort, description, and price, and railways and rolling stock without end. One, if not the first to acknowledge the developing possibilities of the clockwork engine, Mr. Morrell has kept the vantage ground thus gained, and has struck a further big success this season with a train worked by electricity, the most complete affair conceivable, and comprising all the wildly interesting appurtenances of cuttings, bridges, viaducts, signal posts, stations, and—but all these details are practically well known now, although they invariably contrive to put on a fresh face at Morrell's. The accompanying photographed group on page 676, however, will assist us to concentrate a little, for therein are revealed some striking novelties.

**A Lady's Crocodile Purse and Card-case**
From the Christmas Stock at Messrs. Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street

**A Mechanical Boat propelled by sculls**
From the Toy Department at Messrs. Morrell's, 368 and 370, Oxford Street

Primarily there comes that perfectly fascinating toy shop, or perhaps we should say counter, replete with a comprehensive display in miniature, and correct even to the detail of the cash desk, fitted with a telephone and cash register. Realism, of a truth, could go no further. Beneath is shown a bridge and incline, over which is running a perfect model of a London and North-Western train and engine.

Morrell's dolls are perfection, a statement sufficiently conclusive in itself—and one which I would not qualify in the least—to stand without further detailed description, other than by explaining that the model to the right wears a pale blue


# JAS. SHOOLBRED & Co.

## Metal Bedsteads

ENAMELLED WHITE AND BRASS, OR OTHER ART COLOURS.

ALL BEDDING MADE FROM PUREST MATERIALS IS, THEREFORE, THOROUGHLY RELIABLE

JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO. are now showing the newest designs and colourings in Down Quilts.

TWIN BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

The Bystander, December 7, 1904

THE
# BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 53.—Vol. IV. Wednesday, December 7, 1904. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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## GILLOWS
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GILLOW'S LISTS of Residential Estates, Country Houses, and Sportings in Two Parts, obtainable post free six stamps.
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CORNWALL & DEVON (Borders).—3 reception, 9 bedrooms; stabling, cottage, 2 acres. £3,500. (12,497)

L. B & S. C. RAILWAY, within 1½ hours of London, close village.—To be SOLD or LET, a picturesque RESIDENCE, 150 feet above the sea level, standing in well laid-out & secluded grounds of about an acre. The accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.), stabling for 5, with man's room; tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc.; hunting & shooting in the district. Rent, £1[illegible]. Price, 3[illegible] guineas. Photo. (12,500)

CORSCOMBE (near Yeovil).—To be SOLD or LET on Lease, a well-built HUNTING BOX, comprising: 4 reception, 10 bed & dressing rooms, bath (h. & c.); stabling for 12, & the usual outbuildings, 3 cottages, pleasure gardens, pasture and & orchard, in all 43 acres. Price, £4,000. Rent, £150. Photo. (12,450)

ON THE DOWNS, 600FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

NEWBURY DISTRICT.—To be LET, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, situate on an eminence, surrounded by a miniature park & 1,000 acres of excellent shooting. Accommodation: sitting hall, 2 reception, billiard room, 10 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.), stabling, & motor-house. Excellent trout fishing obtainable close by. Rent, £200 per annum. Or would be SOLD. (12,482)

KENT (in a rural spot close to a village, under 40 minutes of Town).—To be SOLD, an old-world RESIDENCE, situate 300ft. above the sea level, approached by carriage drive with lodge entrance. Accommodation: billiard & 3 reception rooms, 14 bedrooms; stabling & farmery, cottage; 21 acres of finely-wooded grounds. Hunting with several packs. Golf. Photo. (12,477)

NEWBURY DISTRICT.—Elevation, 330 feet 3 reception, 8 bed, bath; 115 acres, farm & outbuildings. 5,000 guineas. (12,491)

SURREY (near Witley).—To be LET, on Lease, a COUNTRY HOUSE, close to church, post & telegraph office, containing: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.); grounds of 2 acres, with tennis lawn. £100 per annum; modern drainage; good water supply. (12,[illegible])

ST. JOHN'S WOOD, 1½ ACRES.

10 BEDROOMS, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, conservatory.

Beautiful grounds, including croquet & tennis lawn, asphalte tennis lawn, gardens, cottage, stabling, glasshouses, &c.

In perfect order & ready for immediate occupation. Ground Rent, £71 10s.; Lease 12 years. Price, £3,000, or £400 p.a. on Lease. (40,269)

CITY AND VICTORIA REACHED IN 16 MINUTES.

SYDENHAM HILL.—Charming detached FAMILY RESIDENCE, standing high in its own park-like grounds of about 5 acres, approached by a carriage drive with 2 entrance gates. Accommodation: 10 bed, 2 bath, handsome drawing room, 28 ft. by 16 ft. 6 in., dining room, 24 ft. by 16 ft. 6 in., morning room, library, fine billiard room, entrance & inner halls, & offices. Stabling for 5 horses, coach-house, harness room, living room, bedroom, &c. Electric light. Price, £3,000. (40,255)

SURREY.—Freehold to be SOLD. Picturesque NORMAN SHAW RESIDENCE of red brick & stone, standing in 4 acres of beautifully-matured grounds, with tennis lawn, rose garden, kitchen garden, 2 orchid houses, & vinery. Accommodation: outer & lounge halls, billiard & 4 reception rooms, 17 bed & dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms (h. & c.); domestic offices include servants' hall & butler's bedroom; stabling for 7 horses, with rooms over; tastefully & expensively fitted throughout; electric light, gas, & telephone. (40,185)

HUNTING, POLO, GOLF.

LEICESTERSHIRE (near the Northamptonshire border).—A charming old-fashioned HUNTING BOX for SALE, containing: 3 reception rooms, servants' hall, 8 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.); stabling for 10 horses, with groom's room; shaded & matured grounds of about 5 acres, containing: tennis lawns, farm buildings, with stabling for cows, etc. Golf links close by. Polo within 8 miles. Some of the best hunting in the country. Price, including timber & fixtures, 4,000 guineas. (12,474)

SURBITON.—For SALE, with the advantage of immediate possession, a very attractive modern detached RESIDENCE, standing on high ground, & within a few minutes of station: 3 reception, bath, 4 bedrooms, & offices. Price, Freehold, £1,[illegible]. Garden. (40,278)

COUNTRY HOUSES AND ESTATES.—Messrs. GILLOWS are exclusively appointed agents for many of the choicest available PROPERTIES, to be SOLD or LET, both Furnished & Unfurnished. — Estate Offices, 406, Oxford Street (entrance at 48, Duke Street), W.

HALF-AN-HOUR OF TOWN.—3½ acres. Old-fashioned RESIDENCE: 8 bedrooms, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling, lodge. Rent, £175 per annum. (12,489)

HERTS (under the hour from Town).—52 acres of park: billiard & 4 reception, 15 bedrooms; stabling for 6; lodge. (12,483)

£3,000 WILL PURCHASE a picturesque PROPERTY of about 3 acres, with creeper-clad Residence overlooking charming park lands: double drawing room & 2 other reception rooms, housekeeper's room, 6 best bedrooms, bathroom (h. & c.), servants' rooms; stabling for 6, gardener's cottage, outbuildings; tennis & croquet lawns, kitchen garden, & glasshouses. (12,502)

WINDSOR (near, ¾ of a mile from station & river).—To be LET on Lease or SOLD, a comfortable old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. & c.), 3 reception rooms; stabling for 3, double cottage, & small farmery; grounds, including orchard, kitchen garden, paddock lawn, etc., in all 4 acres. Rent, £150 per annum. Price, £3,000. (12,501)

RUGBY (near).—In an excellent hunting district, to be SOLD, a attractive modern RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms (h. & c.), stabling for 10, coachman's cottage, including tastefully laid-out pleasure garden, paddocks, etc., in all 10 acres. Price, £5,000. (12,483)

£180 PER ANNUM (10 minutes of Caterham Station).—Sitting hall, 3 reception, 14 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.); stabling. Personally inspected. (12,499)

HERTS & MIDDLESEX.—3 reception, 6 bed, bath (h. & c.); stabling for 5, with rooms; small farmery. Furnished, £300 per annum; Unfurnished, £170, with premium of £300. Might be SOLD. (12,481)

TUNBRIDGE WELLS (near).—To be LET or SOLD, a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: billiard & 2 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.); stabling for 2; grounds of 3 acres, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, paddock; soil sandstone rock; pure water; modern drainage. Rent, £150 per annum. Price, £3,500. Would be Let, Furnished. (12,462)

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HIGH GROUND.

FINE PARK AND LAKE.

**NEAR THE MALVERNS** and close to a good town.—For SALE, or might be LET, Furnished, a very choice RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 130 acres of nobly-timbered park, with beautiful undulating pleasure grounds, lake, etc. The House, as depicted above, is a handsome structure of stone, exceptionally well placed, and contains: about 20 bed and dressing rooms, boudoir, bath, spacious hall, 4 lofty reception rooms, gun room, and really excellent offices. Water by ram, gas. First-class stabling for 10, and accommodation for coachman and grooms. Lovely gardens sloping to the lake, old turf lawns with grand collection of flowering shrubs, productive walled gardens, etc., with grass land. Practically tithe and land tax free.—Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

BY ORDER OF TRUSTEES.

**SUSSEX** (1½ miles from station, and 12 miles from Brighton).—Compact FREEHOLD ESTATE, with gentleman's HOUSE of moderate size, standing high in the centre of Estate of 190 acres. The whole property is in excellent repair, the lands in high cultivation, including a quantity of old pasture, well watered, and ample buildings; fishing in stream bounding the property. House contains: hall, 4 reception, billiard, 11 bedrooms, and good offices; good stabling; pretty gardens and grounds, lawns, etc.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

**NORTH LANCASHIRE COAST** (overlooking Morecambe Bay and near Windermere and Holker).—To be LET, Furnished, the above charmingly-situated RESIDENCE, commanding fine views of mountains and sea. It stands in small park with 2 drives and lodge entrances, and contains: entrance hall, morning room, drawing room (30ft. by 17ft.), library, dining room (32ft. by 20ft.), billiard room (28ft. by 20ft.), butler's pantry, servants' hall, 10 excellent bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; capital stabling for 10 horses, and all necessary and substantial outbuildings; the grounds of 14 acres are exceptionally well-timbered, and include large tennis and croquet lawn, terraces, kitchen garden, shrubbery walk, greenhouses, and cottage for gardener; grass land up to 50 acres can be rented; 2 miles of trout fishing; next season 2,000 acres of partridge shooting might be secured; modern sanitation; water from Company's mains; near station, church, etc.; lovely scenery, Lake Windermere being only 5 miles distant. An exceptional chance of securing a delightful house in this health-giving district.—Apply HAMPTON & SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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It is not generally known that in the unfortunate event of a serious fire, a tabulated Inventory and Valuation of every item destroyed is always required by the Insurance Companies.

HAMPTON and SONS have valued the furniture, works of art, and general contents of many of the finest Homes in England and Scotland for Fire Insurance purposes, and have almost invariably found their clients under-insured to an alarming extent.

HAMPTON and SONS have a staff of experts prepared to make these valuations at specially moderate fees, and strongly recommend owners of valuable furniture, china, pictures, plate, etc., to at once take this very necessary precaution, which has already been the means of saving many thousands of pounds.

BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS.

DELIGHTFUL POSITION. EXTENSIVE VIEWS.

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ELECTRIC LIGHT. GOLF.

SANDY SOIL.

**KENT AND SUSSEX BORDERS** (1 hour from Town).—To be LET, Unfurnished, an attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, occupying a beautiful position; entrance hall, 23 ft. 6 in. by 23 ft. 6 in., drawing room, 25 ft. by 20 ft., dining room, 20 ft. by 17 ft., study, 17 ft. by 14 ft. boudoir, 15 ft. by 13 ft., conservatory, fine principal and secondary staircases, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and usual domestic offices; electric light throughout; telephone laid on; stabling for 4, coach-house, and 3 living rooms over; inexpensive grounds of a most attractive appearance; there are 2 tennis lawns, shrubberies, fine old trees, kitchen garden, etc. Rent very moderate; the whole place is in excellent order, and ready for immediate occupation.—Further particulars from HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

**ILLUSTRATED LIST OF COUNTRY ESTATES** and RESIDENCES and SPORTINGS for SALE, and to be LET, published in two parts, post free, three stamps each, viz.:—

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II. Furnished Residences and Shootings.
III. Free Register of Town Houses.

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40 MINUTES' EXPRESS RAIL FROM WATERLOO.

**TO BE SOLD,** this remarkably picturesque and interesting RESIDENCE, restored and enlarged in recent years, in splendid order, standing in 16 acres of remarkable old-world gardens and paddocks, bounded by a boating stream. It contains: beautiful carvings, panellings, beams and floors of old oak, and is in splendid order throughout. The accommodation includes quaint reception hall, magnificent oak dining hall, with gallery, fine modern drawing and billiard rooms, library, morning rooms, 13 bedrooms, bath, and usual offices. Company's water. Stabling for 3. Truly wonderful pleasure grounds, shaded by lovely old trees, and laid out at enormous cost by one of the first landscape gardeners of the day; beautiful lawns, delightful walks and bowers; boat-house; kitchen and fruit gardens, and orchard, first-class greenhouses, farmery; fishing. River Thames ½-mile. To be had, a bargain, within next few weeks.—Very strongly recommended by the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

WIMBLEDON COMMON.

**EXCEPTIONALLY** well-built and fitted Georgian RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bath, large kitchen, and offices on ground floor; pretty garden, with noble cedar tree; sunny aspect; gravel soil. Rent, £195. Price, Freehold, £3,950.—Illustrated particulars of the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, High Street, Wimbledon Common, and 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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**COUNTRY LIFE,** unspoilt by any suspicion of villadom, and in a bracing and sporting social district, 300ft. above the sea, about 2 hours from Town.—To be LET at once, at 5 guineas weekly for 6 months or by the year, or SOLD, a sunny well-furnished, old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with 4 reception, bath, and 9 bedrooms, servant's hall and offices, and conservatory lounge; extensive stabling, gardener's cottage, and beautifully-wooded grounds, and large walled gardens stocked with fruit trees. The Estate of 43 acres, with farmery, would be SOLD.—Recommended from personal inspection by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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# HARRODS (LTD.)

BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.

Telephone Nos. {1971 Kensington / 5151 Westminster

## ESTATE AGENTS

ESTATE 178 ACRES.

HANTS (within a drive of Winchester).—To be SOLD, an exceedingly choice Freehold RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, comprising an imposing Georgian Residence, partly creeper-clad, and containing: fine hall, 5 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; magnificent grounds, tennis and croquet lawn, beautiful woods, beech avenue, old kitchen garden, park-like meadows, rookery, etc.: ample stabling, farm buildings, and several cottages; hunting, shooting, and golf.—HARRODS (Ltd.) can confidently recommend this Estate from a personal inspection, and will be pleased to give any further particulars. Photos and plans may be inspected at their Offices, Brompton Road, London, S.W.

60 ACRES.

DERBYSHIRE (Matlock).—To be SOLD, a charming RESIDENCE, situated about 900ft. above sea level, in this favourite resort, within 1½ miles of the station. It stands about 350 yds. back from the road, is approached by a carriage drive through a pretty wood, and contains: drawing and dining rooms opening into conservatory, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, and excellent offices; there is ample stabling and outbuildings, also a cottage for man; the House is surrounded by about 60 acres of land, mostly grass, and there is a large productive kitchen garden of about 2 acres, orchard in full bearing, pretty grounds, lawn and flower garden, and 7 glasshouses. Price, £5,500. — Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,646)

£2,000 WILL BUY a very beautiful RESIDENCE and 7½ acres, situated on the Essex Coast, commanding lovely sea views, and affording first-class yachting anchorage. It contains: 9 bed, 3 reception, bathroom, and excellent offices.—Further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,986)

## TOWN HOUSES

HARRODS (Ltd.) are the appointed Agents for all the principal Residences on the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates, and in the Kensington District, and have also many of those available in Mayfair and Hyde Park. A selected List of everything available for the winter will be sent on receipt of requirements.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE (1 minute from the Park).—A BIJOU RESIDENCE to be LET, Unfurnished, containing: 4 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, bathroom, and offices; electric light. Rent, only £90 per annum. No premium.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

WITHIN 5 MINUTES OF THE PARK.

VERY handsomely-furnished and well-decorated TOWN HOUSE to be LET, with immediate possession if required. The accommodation comprises: 8 bed and dressing rooms, 3 good reception rooms, lounge hall, bathroom, and very complete domestic offices; fitted with every modern convenience. Good stabling for 4 horses, with rooms over.—Agent, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

## FLATS

HARRODS (Ltd.) are the Sole Agents for many of the principal blocks of FLATS in the Belgravia, Cadogan Estates, and other districts. Rents from £70 to £700 per annum; and also furnished from 3 gs. to 30 gs. per week. A carefully selected List of flats available for the winter will be sent on receipt of requirements.

MAGNIFICENTLY-FURNISHED FAMILY FLAT.—Exceptionally well-arranged and situated Flat to be LET, comprising: 8 bedrooms, very handsome drawing room, 2 other reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete domestic offices; every modern convenience, including hot-water supply. Rent, only 15 gns. per week.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

EXCEPTIONALLY LIGHT AND AIRY.

SLOANE SQUARE.—Well-arranged Corner FLAT to be LET, Unfurnished, comprising: 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 good reception rooms, and full domestic offices. Rent, £210 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

## AUCTIONEERS

BERKS (Newbury).—To be SOLD, the above well-built, pleasantly and conveniently situated RESIDENCE, within 2 miles of two stations. It stands about 400ft. above the sea level, is on gravel soil, and contains: large hall, drawing room, dining room, servants' hall, 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and usual offices; stabling for 3 horses, and outbuildings. The grounds are about 8 acres in extent, are well wooded, and comprise well-stocked kitchen garden of 2 acres, tennis and croquet lawns, rose garden, grass terraces and walks, orchard, etc. Hunting and golf. Price, £7,000.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,499)

SOMERSET (in the centre of the Blackmore Vale country).—To be LET, partially Furnished, a charming old English creeper-clad RESIDENCE, standing in lovely old grounds, and being within 1½ miles of a station, close to church and village, etc. The House contains: large hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, and excellent offices; excellent stabling for 16 horses, etc; picturesque lodge and cottage. Hunting 6 days a week. The House is surrounded by a farm of 75 acres, with farmhouse, farm buildings, and 4 cottages, and the whole would be SOLD. Rent for House, grounds, stabling, lodge, and cottage, £120 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (2,527)

£1,100 WILL BUY a pretty RESIDENCE at Sandhurst, Berks, containing: 8 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, and offices. Stabling for 2 horses, and pretty grounds of about ½ acre.—Full particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,520)

Telegrams: "OWENISME LON[DON]"

# OWEN WALLIS & CO.

Telephone: 1655 Mayfair

17, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.

£1,100 WILL BUY a pretty RESIDENCE, at St[anhu]rst, Berks, containing: 8 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, and offices; stabling for [2] horses, and pretty grounds of about ½ acre.—Full particulars of the Agents, OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£1,800 WILL BUY a picturesque COTTAGE RESIDENCE, within 30 minutes of town. Contains: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, etc.; stabling for 2 horses, coach-house, harness and man's rooms; well-matured garden, tennis lawn, and paddock. More land can be had.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£1,800.—GUILDFORD and HORSHAM.—Old-fashioned HOUSE: 5 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, and large hall; garden, orchard, and meadow; in all nearly 3 acres. Numerous outbuildings. A large portion of the purchase-money can remain on mortgage. Photo.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£2,000.—Near PULBOROUGH.—30 acres and excellent RESIDENCE, forming a very attractive little PROPERTY. Splendid position, fine views, and conveniently near station; 7 bed and dressing rooms; stabling and farm buildings.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£2,200.—NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—A capital HUNTING BOX in the cream of the Pytchley country, 2 miles from kennels, and 2½ miles from 3 stations: 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, and 2 dressing rooms, servants' hall, and offices; stabling for 4; small garden.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£3,000.—Between Oxted and Westerham; 700ft. above sea).—A capital BIJOU HOUSE, and 10 acres of finely-timbered grounds; stabling for 2 horses, farmery, carriage drive; 3 miles from station. Can be had with less land.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

NEWBURY DISTRICT, overlooking a nobleman's park, 500ft. above sea level, on gravel soil, and close to post and church, exceptional PROPERTY, extending to 8 acres, and a lovely-placed HOUSE, containing 8 bedrooms.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

SUSSEX and HANTS (in a most charming neighbourhood, a mile from the station, and about 1½ hours from London).—To be SOLD, owing to exceptional circumstances, the charming RESIDENCE depicted above. It stands at a high elevation, and contains: 4 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good offices; ample stabling, and accommodation for man; 6 acres of beautifully laid-out grounds and meadow; ½ mile from golf.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£2,600 FOR A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENCE, near Sevenoaks; 4 acres of beautiful grounds, and house containing: 5 bedrooms; stabling for 2 horses. — OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£3,000.—CRAWLEY (near).—A capital RESIDENCE, in a beautiful country, and with 8 acres of garden and land. Contains: billiard room, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, and good offices; stabling, etc. — OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£3,200.—HANTS (near Liss), 250ft. above sea level. — Attractive RESIDENCE, with a south aspect, and nearly 7 acres of ground; avenue drive, and the accommodation comprises: large hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, and good offices. Near golf.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£3,350.—ESSEX (30 minutes from Town).—In a bracing position, 300 ft. above sea level, charming RESIDENCE and 30 acres of rich grass land: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, and offices; stabling, farmery, etc.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£3,500.—HINDHEAD and FRENSHAM.—A creeper-clad gabled RESIDENCE, near golf course, containing: 2 halls, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, servants' hall, and offices; stabling for 4. Exceedingly pretty grounds and grass land of 9 acres.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£3,750.—BERKS.—A perfectly-appointed RESIDENCE and about 19 acres of Land; avenue drive and magnificent timber; spacious halls, 3 reception rooms, 8 good bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling, cottages, etc.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£3,850.—NEWBURY (near).—45 acres of Land and finely-placed RESIDENCE, containing: entrance hall, 2 reception rooms, and 5 good bedrooms; cottage, stabling, and outbuildings.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

OWEN WALLIS & CO., 17, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

# KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

BETWEEN NEWCASTLE AND LEEDS. PERFECT ELIZABETHAN HOUSE, WITH OVER 2,000 ACRES.

**TO BE SOLD,** one of the most attractive RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATES in the North. The property is in good order throughout. The House is modern Elizabethan, and contains: oak-panelled hall, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 20 bedrooms, several bathrooms, and every imaginable convenience, including electric light and hot-water heating. First-rate hunting, good shooting.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY have just been over this estate, and are able to recommend the property with confidence. Offices, 9, Conduit Street, London, W.

HALF-HOUR NORTH OF LONDON (MAIN LINE). EARLY ELIZABETHAN HOUSE IN PERFECT ORDER.

**TO BE SOLD.**—The above delightful RESIDENCE, upon which the owner has spent many thousands and is prepared to lose, although the position of the house, with its picturesque character and old oak panelling, shows judicious expenditure: 2 reception rooms, billiard room, 8 bedrooms; stabling.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as above. (2,668)

**OVERLOOKING REGENT'S PARK** (Ulster Terrace; by order of the Executors).—One of the very few available HOUSES in this favourite district to be LET or SOLD immediately. It contains: 4 excellent reception rooms, billiard room, bathroom, 8 bedrooms, and ample offices. Stabling and garage; electric light. — Apply KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (6,195)

MANORIAL RESIDENCE IN SUFFOLK

**£2,000** for a small ESTATE of 40 acres of rich meadow and arable land, with a quaint old gabled Manor House erected in the sixteenth century. It contains: drawing room (22 ft. 6 in. by 22 ft.), dining room with mullioned bay window, morning room, 9 bedrooms, etc. Ornamental gardens. Set of farm buildings, 9 cottages.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1966)

**TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES VICTORIA OR LONDON BRIDGE.** Rural district.—Detached RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 5 bed, bath; standing in 2 acres of nice old matured grounds. Stabling. Price, £2,500; less land, £1,400. — KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,577)

AMONGST THE PINES. 35 MINUTES FROM LONDON. EXCELLENT TRAIN SERVICE.

**TO BE SOLD,** a Charming FREEHOLD RESIDENCE of attractive design, standing on sandy soil, well removed from the road, with south aspect. Accommodation: fine entrance hall, drawing room (21ft. square), dining room (27ft. by 18ft.), library (21ft. by 18ft.), billiard room (30ft. by 20ft.), 12 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; electric light and every modern comfort. Inexpensive grounds of over 2 acres. Conservatory. Golf links near. Price, £5,750.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,742)

THE CONDUIT STREET AUCTION GALLERIES.

**THE ATTENTION OF EXECUTORS,** Trustees, Solicitors, and Owners, who may be desirous of selling Family Jewels, Old Silver, Paintings, Drawings, Engravings and Prints, Miniatures, China, Bronzes, Coins, Medals, Libraries, Autographs, Sculpture, Old Lace, Furs, Pianofortes, Musical and Scientific Instruments, Guns, Furniture, and other valuables, is drawn to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY'S

THREE AUCTION GALLERIES,

which are open daily to receive property intended for early public disposal.

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are held in all parts of the Kingdom, of Contents of Residences, Farming Stock, etc., as required.

**VALUATIONS UNDER THE FINANCE ACT,** 1894, for Partnership, Division, and all other purposes are prepared at short notice.

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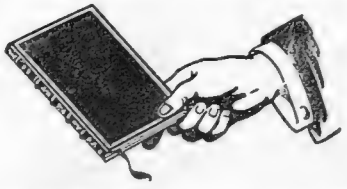

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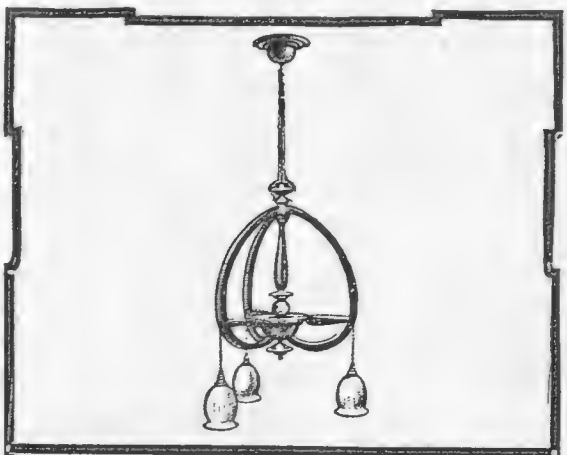

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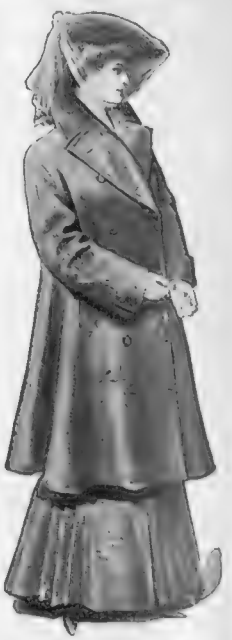

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## Waterproof Crape

can be had

(1) in the usual firm finish

or

(2) in a soft finish.

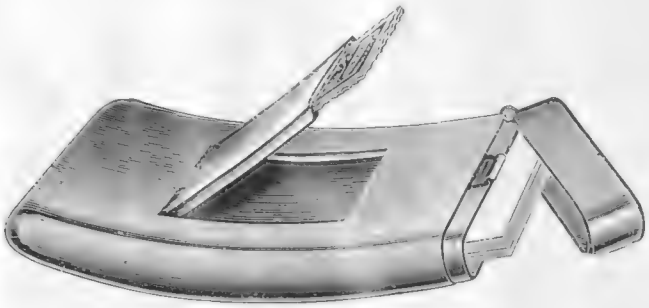
The latter is particularly suitable for trimming soft dress materials.

**From Leading Drapers.**

The "Swan" Fountain Pen

silk frock and a big, black picture hat, and the other a biscuit cloth pelisse, surmounted by a quaint granny bonnet of white beaver and fur. These, in company with a stuffed elephant, mounted on wheels, which stands atop a perfect replica of an upright piano, and at the foot is the dearest rag doll, yclept Mr. Quaker Oats, a vast improvement, in my humble judgment, on those terrifying Golliwog dolls, the humour of which has always escaped me. Now my heart has gone out entirely to Mr. Quaker Oats.

Soldiers' accoutrements have always been a marked feature here; the miniature dressing table suggests a little girl's first essay towards independence, the concluding items of the group comprising respectively a fountain and an engine, the latter attachable to and so working the first.



**A Solid Silver Card and Stamp-case**

From the display of Christmas novelties at Messrs. Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street

### Messrs. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street

The honour of our best approval in certain moderately-priced silver goods, is extended to this famous Oxford Street house. In fact, so far as our experience goes, the choice is quite exceptional, and includes not only many standard favourites, such as the cherub design, but several new and eminently desirable fancies. Hammered silver is the vogue of the moment, while the distinctive features of all brushes and hand-mirrors is the long handle.

These hall-marked silver hair brushes commence as low as 9*s.* 6*d.*, the daffodil design coming out at that, and serving very admirably the need of the schoolgirl, all the supplementary details of comb, mirrors, trays, etc., being offered in like proportion. But on page 23 of the excellently-compiled and illustrated catalogue, everything pertaining to this matter is told in detail. Similarly with the frames, on page 28, and no fancy that ever comes along will oust the presence of silver frames, and the design selected for our group is a very marvel of cheapness.

Aloud, and very frequently, have I proclaimed my desire for that solid silver inkstand, with glass inner receptacle. The simple solidity of this is delightful, and a more modest desire there could not be, for the price is only 8*s.* 11*d.*

A Presentation "Swan"

To be Furnished by

**Hewetsons**

Is sufficing guarantee of

**A Home of Taste.**

*Minimum Prices. Distinctive Design. Maximum Values.*
*Catalogues and Estimates Free.*
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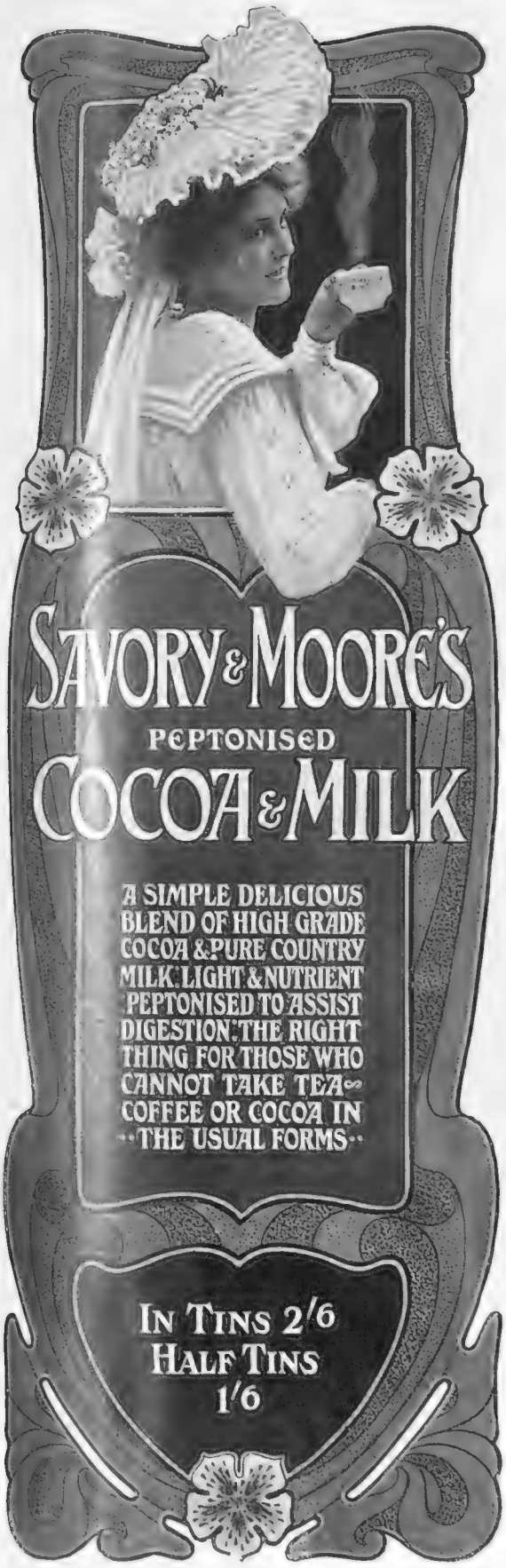
**JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.**

are now showing the latest fashions in furs for the coming season.

Ladies' own furs renovated and remodelled to the present fashion.

**Tottenham House, Tottenham Court Rd., London**




# CHRISTMAS

## AND THE

# PIANOLA.

AT the present season of the year the demand is all for brightness and enjoyment, and everything that adds to the pleasures of home life is eagerly sought after. The claims of music in this particular direction are acknowledged by everyone, and in music at the present moment the most potent factor is the Metrostyle Pianola. The Metrostyle Pianola makes universal the ability to play a composition exactly as it has been rendered by a great artiste.

What formerly could only be accomplished by the educated musician, the Metrostyle Pianola brings within reach of everyone. It forms the most remarkable achievement in the whole history of pianoforte playing.

The Metrostyle Pianola may be seen at our Showrooms by anyone who cares to call.

Please write for Catalogue **B**

## The Orchestrelle Co.,

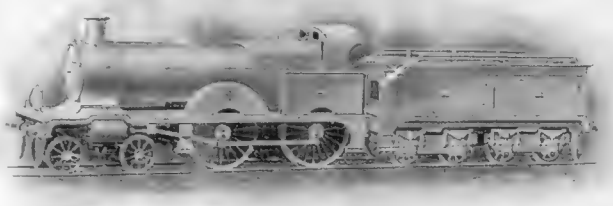
ÆOLIAN HALL,

135-6-7, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

With a full realisation of its inevitableness, Peter Robinson have perceived the wisdom of being as comprehensive as possible in the case of the hand bag; our wants are so many and differ so materially in kind, the task has been no sinecure in providing for every manner of emergency, a feat most emphatically achieved at this Oxford Street house. The handsome crocodile purse and card-case combined (illustrated on page 678) is picked out of a plethora, over which we would only too willingly dwell, if space permitted. As usual, however, we are outrunning the constable, and there yet remains to point out that the price of the pictured morocco leather purse, with hall-marked silver corners, is only 1s. 11½d. Perhaps only a personal inspection will verify the declaration that it is worth more than double that amount. Then on page 36 of the catalogue, a very host of useful manly trifles may be found, and among them that flat, deftly curved, combined silver card and stamp-case.

### A Practical Gift—And the Best

As a scribe, of indefatigable character, my whole-hearted approval of the Swan Fountain Pen may, perhaps, hold a certain weight. The really practical appeals to so many of us nowadays—necessarily so—and these handy little pens, with their ingeniously-inserted receivers, are universally and unreservedly accepted as the best of their kind. They are now, furthermore, by their providers at 93, Cheapside, got up in such persuasively decorative fashion, their appeal as a Christmas gift, at once pretty and practical, is speedily apparent. Lacking every other qualification, the Swan Pen might still be regarded as ideal, since it is the only really cleanly implement of the kind that has been alloted to us so far in this life. Here again I speak feelingly. All representative stationers and jewellers have accepted the inevitableness of the Swan Pen, but that the art of selection may not be in any way curtailed, it is well previously to study the catalogue supplied for the asking from 93, Cheapside.



**A working model of the Midland Railway Compound Express Locomotive**

A beautiful mechanical toy, from the establishment of Messrs W. J. Bassett-Lowke and Co., Northampton

### Some Wonderful Mechanical Models

The "human boy" is a difficult being to cater for in the matter of Christmas presents, until the steps of his parents and relations are turned in the direction of a department given over to the sale of mechanical toys. Once across the threshold, the intending purchaser is confronted with a little world of ingenious models—one can hardly call them toys—worked by the agency of steam and electricity. Perhaps the most complete exhibition of these welcome presents for boys is to be found at Messrs. W. J. Bassett-Lowke and Co.'s premises at Northampton. The illustration on this page, which is an exact working model, one-eighth inch scale, of a compound express locomotive on the Midland Railway, is typical of the many marvels turned out by Messrs. W. J. Bassett-Lowke and Co.


# DRUCE & CO.

## Baker Street, London, W.

INEXPENSIVE FURNITURE IN GOOD TASTE.

**Examples in "Sheraton" Style.**

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| Bureau Bookcase in Mahogany, with Satinwood Bands, 3ft. wide, 7ft. high .. .. .. .. | £9 15 0 |
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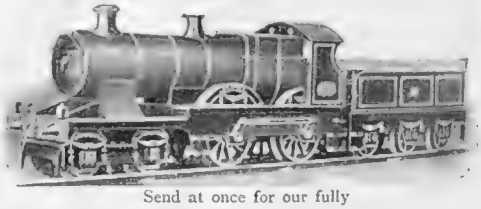
# WORKING MODEL RAILWAYS LOCOMOTIVES YACHTS ENGINES

## There is a Fascination

ABOUT a **MINIATURE LOCOMOTIVE** that will actually work when steam is up, run on rails, over bridges, and through tunnels, and pull a load of miniature coaches and wagons in a realistic manner. We have made the production of these Locomotives and Railway Accessories our special study, and are able to offer the benefit of our experience to those interested, thus making it possible for an intelligent lad to run the Locomotive in the Hall or Dining Room, or lay a Model Railway around the garden. This is the fascination that is as instructive as it is interesting, and, at the same time, the knowledge of Engineering gained is of inestimable value.



Send at once for our fully
**ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE** (Over 250 Pages)
**Of Model Engineering Requisites,**
With every Catalogue we give a coloured plate of our M. R. Compound Locomotive. Post Free for **7d.** on application to

**W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & Co.,**
**NORTHAMPTON.**

# MODELS

THE BERKEFELD FILTER

FULL ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.
THE BERKEFELD FILTER Co., Ltd.,
121, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

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IDEAL Fountain Pen
— FOR —
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A Lasting Delight
To all who Write.

An ideal gift for lady or gentleman is this pen, which is rapidly gaining in popular favour, and is the best appreciated fountain pen in the world. It is best liked for its ready writing qualities and convenience in use.

USED IN THE ROYAL FAMILY.

From 10/6, of Stationers, Jewellers, &c.
In Silver and Gold for Presentation.
Send for our dainty illustrated Brochure, telling all about these pens, post free from
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(New York: 173, Broadway.)

Ramon Allones
(Flor Fina)
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FOR PRESENT GIVING at XMAS to friends and relations at Home and Abroad.

Shape and Size of Rothschild Elegante Superior Cigar.

This famous brand is known everywhere Fine Havanas are smoked. The name means quality.

Elzardos, boxed in 50's, per 100, 23/6, Sample of 5, 1/6.
Escocesas, boxed in 50's, per 100, 32/-, Sample of 5, 2/-.
Rothschild Elegante Superior, boxed in 50's, per 100, 38/-, Sample of 5, 2/6.
Embajadores Superior, boxed in 25's, per 100, 58/-, Sample of 5, 3/-. Carriage Paid.

Terms: Cash with Order.
Discounts of 2½% on 500 Cigars.
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21, Seething House, Great Tower Street,
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IN YOUR BUSINESS THERE WILL BE NO "WINTER of DISCONTENT" IF YOU USE THE YOST TYPEWRITER.

THE YŌST TYPEWRITER Co., Ltd.,
50, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

# THE MENU

## A Christmas Dinner

Within this month we shall once more be wishing our friends a Happy Christmas, and, therefore, let me, in anticipation, give you, my readers, the same good and time-honoured greeting, together with a few hints on the preparation of a Christmas dinner.

Hors d'Œuvres
Clear Oxtail Soup

FISH
Whitebait

ENTRÉE
Little Lobster Soufflés

RÔTI
Roast Turkey, with Forcemeat or Sausage Stuffing
Boiled Ham

SWEETS
Plum Pudding Almond Sauce
Mince Pies Orange and Banana Trifle

SAVOURY
Oysters on Toast

### LITTLE LOBSTER SOUFFLÉS

Put 2 oz. of flour into a stewpan, with 2 oz. of butter and the coral of a new lobster (which has been well pounded), a tiny dust of cayenne, a saltspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of essence of anchovy, three yolks of eggs, and half a pint of milk. Mix all the ingredients well together over the fire till they boil; then mince up the flesh of the lobster and add to it the boiling mixture; with a tablespoonful of boiling cream, whip the whites of the three eggs till very stiff. Mix all these ingredients well together and fill little paper cases (or china cases). Put a small piece of butter on the top of each and bake in a quick oven for ten minutes.

### ALMOND SAUCE FOR PLUM PUDDING

Two ounces of butter, cut up into a basin, to which add 1 oz. of castor sugar, one dozen and a half bitter almonds, blanched, and pounded very fine; half a wineglassful of brandy, beat altogether near the fire until it has the appearance of clotted cream.

### OYSTERS ON TOAST

Twelve oysters, two eggs, 1 oz. of butter, toast, and seasonings. Open, drain, trim, and chop twelve large oysters; season with salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg; put them into a stewpan with a small piece of butter, and the yolks of two eggs well beaten. When set, pour the preparation over some slices of buttered toast, and serve.

### A VERY EXCELLENT RECIPE FOR MINCEMEAT

3 lb. of raisins, 3 lb. currants, 3 lb. sugar, 3 lb. apples; 2½ lb. suet, 2 oz. citron, 2 oz. candied lemon peel, 3 oz. almonds, one nutmeg, the juice and rind of three lemons, chopped fine, half pint of brandy, half pint of port wine, a small teaspoonful of salt. All to be well mixed. N.B.—The stoned raisins, which are procurable at all grocers, and packed in 1 lb. boxes, are much to be recommended for the above, and also for Christmas puddings.

EMILIA.

MARTELL'S
THREE STAR
BRANDY.
All MARTELL'S BRANDIES are guaranteed PURE GRAPE.

THE QUEEN of
CRÈME DE MENTHE
PIPPERMINT
GET FRÈRES
A high-class tonic and digestive liqueur.
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Free Sample on application to
SOLE AGENT FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM AND BRITISH COLONIES
B. LAURIEZ, 6, Fenchurch Buildings, LONDON, E. C.

THE H. W. PATENT Velvet Grip
STOCKING Fitted with PATENT RUBBER BUTTON.
Will not cut nor damage the Hose. SUPPORTERS.
No. 6, Plain Cotton Elastic, 2 grips { Safety Pin or Button Loop } 1/1 pr.
No. S6, Plain Silk Elastic, 2 grips { Safety Pin or Button Loop } 1/7 ,,
No. 10, Frilled Silk Elastic, 1 grip, Safety Pin Top 1/ ,,
No. 40, Frilled Silk Elastic, 2 grips, New Clip Top 2/- ,,
ALSO H.W. Velvet Grip BOSTON CARTERS
for supporting GENTLEMEN'S SOCKS, 1/- and 2/- pair. Postage 1d. per pair extra.
From —
PETER ROBINSON, Ltd., Regent Street, LONDON, W.
JAMES SPENCE & Co. Ltd., St. Paul's Churchyard ,, E.C.
D. H. EVANS & Co., Ltd., Oxford Street ,, W.
PONTING BROS., Ltd, Kensington High Street ,, W.
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For Xmas
"LUNTIN"
MIXTURE
CLOUDS OF COMFORT IN
is a tobacco that possesses all the virtues and none of the vices of pipe tobaccos. It smokes cool and dry, having a natural sweetness of flavour, without being artificially sweetened.
Sold in 2oz. Packets, 1/-, and ½lb. Tins, 2/-
Post Free 1/1 & 2/2, from Sole Manufacturers,
THOMSON & PORTEOUS, Edinburgh,
or FOYLE & SONS, 37, Houndsditch, London, E.C., who will furnish address of nearest Tobacconist.
Our Booklet, "Why 'Luntin'?" sent free on receipt of post-card.

*Inexpensive Furniture*
of good design and sound construction.

Bedroom Suites from £30.
Sideboards = = ,, £25.

*A Catalogue will be sent for the inspection of those indicating their requirements.*

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Useful Xmas Gifts

RS. SEISAL

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Price 73/6 (Skirt only).

In Black Satin, Price 69/6.

NEW ART AND FANCY DEPARTMENT NOW OPEN in the Regent St. Establishment.

Novelties of every description. Catalogues Free.

TELEPHONE: 2668 GERRARD.

# A Woman's Pocket Book

Winter, with all its attendant miseries, has burst on us with full force. To most of the readers of THE BYSTANDER I do not suppose the bitter cold of the past days and the drifting snow storms have meant anything but temporary discomforts, which, after all, can be guarded against by warm wraps and large, bright fires. Those who are liable to rheumatism or who are suffering from colds—just now very prevalent—are naturally inclined to grumble, but their sufferings are nothing compared with what the poor are undergoing at this moment.

### The Light Side of Winter

The younger people, of course, welcome the bitter cold. They have looked up their skates, or are haunting the precincts of the cutlers' shops. Their conversation takes the form of a continuous argument about the best places to go and skate upon. Some favour Wimbledon, others have discovered wonderful lakes when out motoring, and are busily engaged in forming parties to drive out and see this newly-explored land. Then the question arises, which are the best skates? "Nothing can touch 'Mount Charles' skate," says one. "Monier Williams' are much sounder," asserts another. An accomplished figure-skater, warming her hands over the fire, tells us languidly that "in all my tests at Prince's I used the Hyde Park skate, which can't be beaten." And so the subject is thoroughly thrashed out, in a warm room and where the principals look on the frost as a godsend intended solely for their diversion. Not that I mean to insinuate that these young people are callous. Far from it. They know that while they gain others will suffer, but, on the other hand, they say that the snow and ice give many an out-of-work some pickings. But to me it is not of the very, very poor who are concerned. Suffer? Of course they suffer. But charity is exercised on their behalf by private people, by societies, and by the Press, which opens its columns to the collection of funds.

### And the Dark Side

But the greatest sufferers of all are people of gentle birth who have "come down" in the world. It is they who feel the biting pains of poverty, but do their utmost to cover up the unseemly rents of squalid poverty. The wives of clerks out of work, and the womenkind of professional men who have no clients, have the hardest lot of all to bear, and my heart goes out towards them at such a time as this. There is no organisation worthy of the name, that I am aware of, that concerns itself with the dire needs of these poor people, while they themselves are too proud to show more of their necessity than they can help. They prefer to suffer in silence. If I knew of some means to help them, I should gladly spare a mite towards it, and so, I am sure, would many of my readers, who feel that at this period of the year we are specially reminded to assist our distressed brothers and sisters.

LADY PHYLLIS.


**MRS. ADAIR**

*Recommended by the Medical Profession. Patronised by Royalty.*

**90, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.**

**83, Carlton House, High Street, Birmingham;**

**5, Rue Cambon, Paris; and 52, West 35th Street, New York.**

**Ganesh Patent Forehead Strap, £1/5/6,** removes lines from the brows and from the corners of the eyes.

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**STRAPPING MUSCLE TREATMENT** with the **Ganesh Eastern Muscle Oil** (Regd.), the greatest skin food and muscle producer in the world. Removes lines and hollows filled out. The muscles of the eyes can also be strengthened with the oil. Her original TAPPY EYE TREATMENT feeds the tissues and brings back the youthful contours.

The **Diable Tonic** removes the puffiness under the eyes, cleanses the skin, and closes the pores, **£1/1/6, 10/6, 7/6,** and **5/6**

**Eye Bandelettes,** for tired eyes, **10/6.** Directions for special TAPPY TREATMENT for tired, lined eyes can be sent.

**Beauty Sachets,** to use instead of soap, **8/6** per box.

**Ganesh Eastern Cream,** made to suit all skins, contains some of the oil, will keep the skin soft and velvety, and take away chaps and roughness, **10/6, 6/6,** and **3/6**

**Parisian Neige Cream,** to use before powdering, prevents freckles, is perfectly harmless, and good for the skin, **10/6** and **5/6**

**Lily Sulphur Lotion** will remove sunburn, is most beautifying to the skin, and takes away blackheads. This is a doctor's prescription, and is necessary to everyone motoring or hunting, **10/6, 7/6,** and **5/6**

**Marvelle Eye Drops** for removing the red veins from the eye balls, **10/6** and **5/6.** Strengthening drops for weak and tired eyes, **3/6**

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**Dara Treatment,** for home use, is strongly recommended. It removes hair, is not a depilatory, and leaves no mark or scar.

Box for Home Treatment, **£1/1/6**

See Mrs. ADAIR'S New Book, "How to Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty of the Face and Form." Price **1/-** post free.

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Stands out among metal cleansers as the most popular and successful Polish.

It has been awarded the Gold Medal at the St. Louis Exhibition for excellence.

Absolutely non-injurious to either metal or user.

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6d., Is., and 2s. 6d. Bottles.

Of all Stationers and Chemists.

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New French Model Pianette is now ready.
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Check Action. 7 Octaves. Guaranteed.

PRICE **£16 16s.** FOR CASH.

Or £1 14s. per quarter for 3 years. Sent home on payment of first instalment. All makes of Pianos kept in Stock. Largest and Finest Stock in London.

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'Bus to Royal Oak. Tube to Queen's Road.

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A Merry Christmas and plenty of

**BOVRIL.**



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**GAMAGE XMAS BAZAAR**

OUR ADVICE! **COME EARLY!**

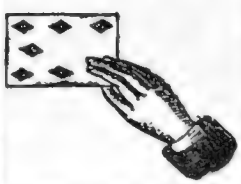
This Bazaar eclipses all our previous efforts, and for attractiveness is the

**BEST IN LONDON.**

NOVELTY BABY BUNTING.
Dolls dressed with best white material. Unbreakable.
Nos. 1, 1½, 2, 1/4½, 3, 2/-
Postage 2d. & 3d.

GUARD SETS.
All Prices.

Conjuring and Card Tricks in endless Variety.



THE CHANGING CARD.
Price 6½d. Postage 1d.

FATHER XMAS MASKS.
8½d. Usual price, 1/-
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Thousands of delightful Dolls dressed and undressed.

**HUNDREDS OF PRESENTS FOR MOTORISTS.**

Lamps Horns | Goggles Warmers | Hoods, Veils Sporting Caps | Clothing Boots | Everything for Motorists at lowest prices.

Bazaar Catalogue Post Free. A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C.

# CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING: CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY H. and H. v. BLACKHEATH H.

### The Victory of the Cantabs

Victory rewarded the efforts of the Cantabs in their recent cross-country run, on the Gog-Magog course, against the Blackheath Harriers. The going was a little difficult on account of the state of the frozen and slippery roads, but the Blues succeeded in getting the first five men home before the arrival of any of their opponents, thereby winning by 15 points to 40. A. R. Churchill, who was in fine running form, got right away from the start, and succeeded in running home in 40 minutes 52 seconds, winning by 1 minute 23 seconds. The Freshman, F. M. Edwards, still showed good form, and succeeded in coming in second, wresting the second place from A. R. Welsh, who ran third; while another Freshman, A. H. Pearson, came in fourth, the first Blackheath man, G. L. Hopkins, arriving 3 minutes 47 seconds behind the winner, sixth. The Rev. C. T. Wood, President U. C. H. and H., and Messrs. H. W. G. Halsgreave and A. S. D. Smith acted as judges.

The order and times are as follows:—

| | | MIN. | SEC. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | A. R. Churchill (Caius) ... ... | 40 | 52 |
| 2. | F. M. Edwards (Queen's) ... ... | 42 | 15 |
| 3. | A. R. Welsh (Trinity) ... ... | 42 | 55 |
| 4. | A. H. Pearson (Queen's) ... ... | 42 | 57 |
| 5. | T. Kingdon (St. John's) ... ... | 43 | 7 |
| 6. | G. L. Hopkins (Blackheath)... ... | 43 | 15 |
| 7. | H. F. F. Coggin (Trinity) ... ... | 43 | 43 |
| 8. | W. F. Wait (Downing) ... ... | 43 | 52 |
| 9. | T. C. Davis (Blackheath) ... ... | 44 | 1 |
| 10. | H. W. C. Sercombe (Blackheath) ... | 44 | 26 |
| 11. | E. F. Judson (Blackheath) ... ... | 44 | 32 |
| 12. | M. P. S. White (Blackheath) ... | 44 | 50 |
| 13. | R. F. C. Yorke (Blackheath) ... | 45 | 2 |
| 14. | E. B. Reed (Christ's)... ... ... | 45 | 7 |
| 15. | E. R. Small (Blackheath) ... ... | 48 | 52 |

**On the Gog-Magog Course: At the end of the first mile**

A. R. Churchill, the famous long-distance runner, went off with the lead, and ultimately won easily—time, 40 min. 52 sec. Cambridge finished the first five men, and therefore proved successful by 15 points to 40


STELLITE
S.D. TELEPHONES
ARE PRE-EMINENTLY SUITABLE FOR
Christmas Presents.

ATTRACTIVELY PACKED.

UNIQUE AND USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THE "HOMESTEAD" SET, in particular. An absolutely complete equipment, independent of any existing fittings. You can ring and speak both ways. Requires about thirty minutes to fix, and no technical knowledge. Packed in an attractive cardboard box, with full instructions. A unique and useful present. Of British manufacture and carrying a twelve months' guarantee.

Price 34/-, postage paid in U.K.

We have another set which is used with existing electric bells. This costs only 15/-, although British made and guaranteed.

WE WILL SEND YOU A HANDSOME 32-PAGE BOOK, QUITE FREE, IF YOU WRITE FOR CATALOGUE B 6.

THE ELECTRIC AND ORDNANCE ACCESSORIES Co., Ltd.,
STELLITE WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

# GARROULDS'

## WONDERFUL OFFER!!

NOTICE.

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# BOOKS TO APPEAR SHORTLY

Not many important books remain to be published this side of Christmas, for booksellers cry, "Hold, enough!" as soon as December makes its appearance. Their shelves are already groaning under the weight of unsold volumes, and, naturally, they insist on selling what they have before encouraging newcomers. It has not been a flourishing season, on the whole—for the booksellers, like most people, are suffering from the general depression of trade—but they always hope to reap something of a harvest during the last few weeks before Christmas. Meantime, the publishers are holding over many of their books to the spring, one of the most notable of these being *The Recollections of Sarah Bernhardt*, which Mr. Heinemann had hoped to publish this season in two illustrated volumes. These recollections of the greatest actress of our time should be one of the big books of 1905; they give her own story of forty years' hard work, adventures, and travels all over the world, with anecdotes of most of the leading celebrities of the latter half of the nineteenth century—from Royalty downwards.

Montalembert's *History of St. Elizabeth*, which originally appeared in Paris nearly seventy years ago, is not so well known as his "Monks of the West," completed more than thirty years later, but it is to the inspiration which he drew from his life of the saintly Elizabeth that we owe his larger work. An English edition of this earlier book is announced by Messrs. Longmans, translated by Francis Deming Hoyt, who rightly describes the Count Montalembert — statesman, author, man of the world, orator, and the leader of the Catholic party in France in its struggles for religious liberty—as "one of the great men, and certainly one of the lovable men, of the nineteenth century." His life of St. Elizabeth furnishes a vivid picture study of German society in the age of chivalry, when the empire of the Church was at the height of its power. Elizabeth's brief career, as Montalembert himself wrote, "fell in the midst of the first half of the thirteenth century, a period which was, perhaps, the most important, the most complete, and the most brilliant in the history of Catholic society."

"Lucas Cleeve," who is a daughter of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and the wife of Colonel Howard Kingscote, has written a new novel for Mr. Fisher Unwin, entitled *The Candle of the Lord*. The central figure in this book is a rich man who has abandoned all luxury for the daily round of clerical life—celibate, handsome, and almost worshipped by his parishioners as an embodiment of elevated piety. But there is a secret taint in him which is invisible to all but the one black sheep of his congregation—a woman who has sinned, and, repenting, believes that all wickedness, however secret, must be revealed by "the candle of the Lord," and that the nobler life is to bear the consequences of such sins. It is the curious tangle of circumstances by which the outcast becomes the spiritual guide of the pastor that forms the *motif* of the book.

"It was my unusual lot," writes Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in a biographical note to a new collection of Christina Rossetti's poems, which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing, "to be the brother of two poets recognised as distinguished — Dante Gabriel and Christina Georgina Rossetti," and he proceeds to answer the question which is sometimes raised as to which of the two was the better writer. "My own opinion," he states, "is that Christina had fully as true a poetic vocation as Dante Gabriel, and wrote poetry which, though far more restricted in scope, and more of a monotone in method, was, according to its own showing, by no means inferior to his. . . . . For limpid freshness, Christina stands the higher; for depth of feeling she cannot be called the lower, though she is less obviously passion-wrung in the stress and coil of circumstance." The new collection contains the best of Christina's poems—the best, that is to say, according to her younger brother's judgment.

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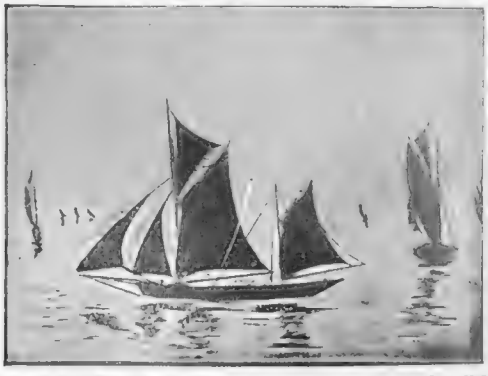

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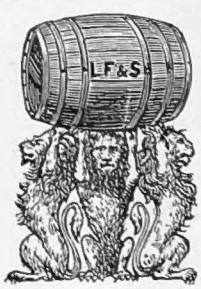


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# THE EDITOR'S BOX

### Notice to Our Readers

Owing to the number of special features which distinguish the present Christmas and Anniversary number, several articles from our regular contributors have been unavoidably crowded out, including those on Golf, Bridge, From Abroad, Theatres, Books, and Music. The musical arrangements for the week are appended :

**Wednesday, December 7**
Bechstein Hall. Miss Metcalfe's Vocal Recital. (Afternoon.)

**Thursday, December 8**
Bechstein Hall. Miss Hilder's Vocal Recital, at 8.15.

**Friday, December 9**
Queen's Hall. Boosey Ballad Concert, at 3.
Bechstein Hall. Bonarius Violin Recital, at 8.

**Saturday, December 10**
Queen's Hall. Symphony Concert, at 3.

**Monday, December 12**
Queen's Hall. A. Newstead's Concert, at 8.
Æolian Hall. Nora Clench Quartet Concert, at 8.30.
Steinway Hall. Fryer Piano Recital, at 8.30.

**Tuesday, December 13**
Queen's Hall. Wagner Concert, at 8.

### Three Invaluable Year Books

We have received from Messrs. A. and C. Black the new volume of "Who's Who" for 1905, and not a moment too soon, for our 1904 copy, dog-eared and be-thumbed, is about to fall to pieces from constant hard wear. Certainly no other book is so frequently in use, and the journalist, author, librarian, company promoter, or what not, who turns to its pages for information, is assured of authentic biographies, as in almost every instance the revision of the matter is carried out by the celebrities themselves. "Who's Who" would be cheap at double its present cost of seven-and-six. The "Who's Who Year Book," which is a supplement to the biographical volume, may be bought separately. It contains a carefully compiled and clearly tabulated mass of information, not to be found elsewhere. Its cost is one shilling. "The Englishwoman's Year Book," published by the same enterprising firm, contains every item of statistics possible to be gathered together concerning the education, employments and professions, industrial and otherwise, sports, public work, etc., of women. Much space is devoted to the work of women in science, literature, art, music, philanthropic, and other movements, and there is an index and also lists of names and addresses of secretaries to everything imaginable that has to do with the life and work of women. And the price for all this information is only 2*s.* 6*d.* Until one has seen a copy of the "Englishwomen's Year Book," one is unable to form the least idea of the important and varied work done by the women of to-day.

### The "Siege Baby" Fund

We are glad to be able to acknowledge two further contributions for the relief of the Walker family—an account of whose misfortune appeared in our last issue :

| | £ | s. | d. |
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| Amount already received ... ... | 4 | 12 | 0 |
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We should like to draw our readers' attention to the fact that this fund will be held open for one more week, after which it will be finally closed.


MR. AITCHISON'S

"Hints on Eyesight."

Hint No. 19.

"SHOPPER'S HEADACHE."

A leading daily paper recently had an amusing article on Shopper's Headache, suggesting some extraordinary remedies, such as sleeping on a pillow stuffed with flowers, anointing the face with good cream composed of mutton fat and vaseline, &c., &c. Shopper's Headache is merely our old friend Academy Headache, Theatre Headache, Brain Fag, &c., and is mostly due to "Eyestrain," and in many cases this is caused by such defects of vision as Astigmatism and Hypermetropia, which a competent optician can easily correct by means of spectacles or eye-glasses. When the defect is caused by muscular strain only, it is difficult to make people understand that it is possible by means of prism spectacles to relieve it, because they can see all right without glasses. I myself wear distance glasses which do not alter the size or appearance of objects, but merely fuse or bring them together, so that I see them without the strain on the muscles which is otherwise so hurtful.

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Printed and Published by G. Parker at Pallis Street, in the City of London, Dec. 7, 1904. Entered as second-class matter at New York (N.Y.) Post Office.